

# Mailer on Madonna

# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST 1994 • \$2.50

WOMEN  
WE  
LOVE

6

7

8

6



08276



0 748515 2



08

# POLO SPORT



**RALPH LAUREN**

POLO SPORT OUTERWEAR BY RALPH LAUREN  
AND POLARTEC® 200 OWR FABRIC. A FUSION OF  
QUALITY CRAFTSMANSHIP AND BREAKTHROUGH  
DESIGN TECHNOLOGY. ENDURANCE TESTED ON  
MT. EVEREST. LIGHTWEIGHT. STRONG. ALL-CLIMATE  
RESISTANT. LIKE THE POLO SPORT WINOBREAKER  
AND USA SWEATSHIRT. ACTIVEWEAR BUILT FOR  
THE RIGORS OF ALL MODERN SPORT.

 **POLARTEC®**  
The Climate Control Fabric



The new  
Air Max<sup>2</sup><sup>™</sup>  
shoe's dual air  
pressure technology  
modifies the ride so  
it matches the move-  
ment and impact of  
the foot.

Kevin Young, track  
and field athlete,  
wears the Air Max<sup>2</sup>  
running shoe from  
Nike.

Free gas (at inflation),  
lower density air is  
located at the center  
of the heel Air-Sole<sup>™</sup>  
unit.

Higher density, 20%  
at inflation, air  
located on either side  
of the heel provides  
firmness and stability.

The "air" used is  
actually a gas that  
won't deflate over the  
lifetime of the shoe.

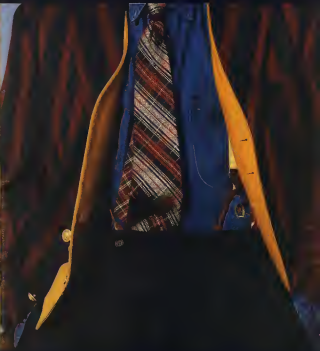
A forefoot Air-Sole<sup>™</sup>  
unit provides extra  
cushioning.

The  
basic unit in  
technology  
is not the

bit,  
but  
the  
body



T O M M Y



H I L F I G E R



Calvin Klein  
eau de toilette  
LOZOPUS

CORNER: KATE BY KETTY MARCOTTE; MARIETTE BY PAUL STALL FOR FORD; HENRY DUNN: MIC

**Esquire**

AUGUST 1994 VOLUME 122 NO. 2

Features

## Women We Love

### Like a Lady

46

BY NORMAN MAILER

What happens when two of the most ardent provocateurs of our time get together to discuss family, condoms, transubstantiation, feminism, nose rings, and somebody named Letierman?

### How Do We Love Thee?

58

Jimmy Breslin, Eric Bogosian, George Will, Dominick Danne, Willie Morris, William Wegman, and other would-be suitors pen mash notes to their favorites. Plus: a few women who make our teeth ache.



## Into the Heart of Whiteness

76

BY DANIEL YOLE

Eugene Terre Blanche and his Afrikaner Resistance Movement could not prevent Nelson Mandela from assuming power, but now they have vowed to disrupt his fragile new democracy by any means necessary. A month on the run with South Africa's ultra-right-wing commandos.



## The Summer of '69

84

BY ELIZABETH SATE, EVE SABITS, BAL BRUNO, AND ANNE BEATTE Twenty-five years ago, in the course of one month, four events sent the decade of love out on a crescendo: the moon landing, the Manson killings, Chappaquiddick, and, of course, Woodstock. Four writers flash back to a time when you had to strap on your gravity boots, drive carefully, and stay away from the brown acid.

Soft Release



Loose Up Ankle Boot



**"We support artistic freedom and creative license  
but draw the line at nude footage."**

**—Kenneth Cole**



Jacqueline Onassis tells her story, Brando has his story told, Jay McInerney cozies up to a supermodel, Betty Boop lets it all hang out. Plus: the second coming of the 'fro. By Jeannette Walls **20**

### Man At His Best

Henry Rollins [24] The Desmoquattro [25] Junko Onishi's piano jazz [25] Billie Holiday bio [29] *The Primary Colors* [29] Resorts in the Rockies [30] New York's hot spots [31]

### The Esquire Guide

#### The Skinny on Working Out

91

Vibrating belts won't do it; neither will sauna suits or inflated shorts. Only good, old-fashioned, sweaty exercise—and eating right—will give you the washboard stomach and other buff stuff you crave. The best all-around workouts, bar none. By Gary Taubes.



### The Esquire Reader

Selected excerpts from new books, stories, plays, and works in progress.



<b>How to Recognize a Porn Movie</b> By Umberto Eco	<b>99</b>
<b>How to Lose It</b> By Elizabeth Wurtzel	<b>100</b>
<b>How to Pick a Woman</b> By Edward Abbey	<b>102</b>
<b>How to Drink Beer</b> By William Vollmann	<b>103</b>

### Gentleman

<b>Knit Wit</b> Sweater-dressing slouches forward, with comfort. By Woody Hochswender	<b>106</b>
<b>Tommy Hilfinger's Great Leap</b> His first tailored line. Photographs by Troy Word	<b>108</b>
<b>Trends Inc.</b> The cast of <i>Models Inc.</i> dresses for fall. Photographs by Davis Factor	<b>114</b>

### Columns and Departments

#### The Sound and the Fury

Letters from readers ..... **15**

#### Backstage with Esquire

Notes on contributors ..... **16**

#### Our Man in the White House

Can Lloyd Cutler stabilize Bill Clinton, or is he just credibility for hire? By Walter Slegers ..... **33**

#### Executive Summary

The never-ending battle against indolence, or trying to stay awake at work. By Stanley Bing ..... **36**

#### Music

The brinslane-hipster, Johnny Cash, is back and still in black. By Mark Jacobson ..... **122**

#### Books

Paul Auster's American tall tale. By Will Byrbe ..... **123**

#### Mr. Peppers, Esq.

How much would you pay for a set of Clark Gable's golf clubs? By John Burt Foster ..... **126**



dry



THE ONLY AUTHENTIC LONDON GIN

**BEEFEATER**  
SINCE 1820



TO ORDER A GIN OR BEEFEATER GIN CALL 1-800-645-6456. YOUR GIN IS IMPORTED.

**BOSS**  
HUGO BOSS

M E T H O D S W E R E D E S I G N E D

**Formula1DriverMikaHakkinenduringpre-qualifying.**





THERE IS ONLY ONE  
WAY TO FIND OUT WHETHER  
A DESIGN IS TRULY TIMELESS  
BUILD IT TO LAST



*F*or a design to become classic, it must be durable enough to stand up to the rigors of time, and aesthetically pleasing enough to survive

changing tastes. The Acura Legend LS is both. Its finish is formulated to remain lustrous even after years of driving. The hand-picked wood of the interior has a

thick, clear coating to keep it from aging. Even the leather we use is chosen for durability as well as appearance. Anyone who has driven a Legend will

observe that luxury automobiles have come a long way. Especially the ones built to go a long time.

SOME THINGS ARE WORTH THE PRICE.



# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Norman Mailer

**I**F LIKE EVERYONE ELSE in the Western world these days, you want to look Mailer's admirably tight but, five and dandy. But don't assume he is in **Norman Mailer's** presence ("Like a Lady," page 40). The seventy-one-year-old writer may be looking as invulnerable as a professional for the thirty-six-year-old performer. After all, who knows better than Mailer what it's like to live with the media when they're in a feeding frenzy? Of course, Mailer feels Madonna is more than able to take care of herself.

Despite the illusions of her formidable, buff allies, Mailer confessed to being intrigued most by Madonna's intelligence. "She has the ability to become the instrument of her own will," he said. "So with me, she was all mind. Perhaps it was her infatuation of how beautiful I was being."

They spoke over the course of three days, the last two at Madonna's Central Park West apartment, and Mailer came away with a complex set of sentiments for the enigmatic star, not unlike his appreciation for a blond bombshell of another era—although, as he said, "I could never have had this kind of conversation with Marilyn." Nonetheless, he detected a certain subliminal racism in Madonna. "I think she's becoming more aware of the forces that can tear us apart again, and she doesn't want to waste her artistic energy being defensive."

Mailer himself is hardly hoarding his creative forces. He recently completed a seventeen hundred-page manuscript about Lee Harvey Oswald for Random House. He's also finished a book on Picasso (Grove/Atlantic) and has begun work on the second volume of *Mailer's Globe*.

FOR OUR SEVENTH ANNUAL Women We Love feature (page 54), we asked a number of the magazine's female voices—as well as some new ones—to write about their favorite **Amey Breinin** (the rough about Thelma Houston). **Rock Tostito**, whose novel *Stratos* will be published in October, reminisces on an old flame for Sophia Loren. **Donna Dunn**, whose *A Season in Purgatory* was recently published in paperback, gets (reluctantly) intimate with the always sedulous editor Judith Hagen. **Eric Bogosian**, whose acclaimed

play *idiotbox* is currently running off Broadway, gets down and dirty about some of the **Ken Gerson**. New York City author **Walter Morris** pines for the queen of Piffers puffs. **Betsy Page** (whose photo on pages 48 and 49 is taken from the forthcoming book *Betsy Page Confidential*), **George Will** disponds about New Jersey governor Christine Whannan. The entire package, however, would never have been possible without the deft juggling act of one of our very own Women We Love, picture editor **Marianne Kuehn**.

Shortly before South Africa's elections in April, **Daniel Tull** arrived to report on the right-wing resistance movement led by Eugene Terre Blanche ("Into the Heart of Whiteness," page 76). The majority of whites, Tull notes, are moderate and simply trying to connect in the new South Africa. "The Afrikaners are an extraordinary tribe," says Tull, who previously covered South Africa for *Newsday* and *The New Republic*. "They arrived in Africa before many of our ancestors arrived here. And their survival has a moral dimension."

Assuming you weren't busy believing in the Mets during the summer of 1969, you might have noticed that four remarkable events occurred within a month of one another: the moon landing, the Manson killings, Chappaquiddick, and Woodstock ("The Summer of '69," page 84). Covering editor **Blanchette Kaps** reminisces about how Alvin's fall to earth. **Erin Baker**, author of *Black Swan*, recalls the days following the Manson murders. **Ed Brann**, chief of ABC News's political unit, retraces Ted Kennedy's steps in Chappaquiddick, and **John Burtka**, creator of TV's *Squad 50* and a former writer for *Saturday Night Live*, flashes back to Woodstock.

**Gary Taubman**, who wrote "The Slavery on Working Out" (page 32), is the instigator of *Bad Science* (Random House), which chronicles the controversy over cold fusion.

Finally, we are pleased to announce the return of **Boley**, the pop-eyed soul who has been the magazine's mascot since he debuted on *Esquire's* second cover in 1954, drinking out of a champagne glass to herald the end of prohibition. This month, the little guy returns—updated by illustrator **Gary Hallgren**—to the pages of *Man At His Best*, where he can be seen, as always, aging. Welcome back, old friend.

It climbed up there by itself.



REMY MARTIN

Remy Martin Fine Champagne cognac. Exclusively from grapes of the Cognac region's two best areas.

# Reality Check

Rogaly

## She Won't Let It Be Forgotten

THE ONLY MEDIA PUBLISHING STORY might be a new *J.D. Salinger* novel. *Jeannette Kennedy Orono* wrote a memoir and gave her children, *Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg* and *John F. Kennedy Jr.*, permission to publish it if and when they choose to. "She knew how valuable it could be. She was in publishing," says a confidant, who was told of the manuscript by Mrs. Orono herself. "People used to offer her millions and millions of dollars for her memoirs. She's been keeping them all along for that purpose."

Before her death Mrs. Orono denied reports that she'd written her autobiography *Invited*, but longtime publicist Nancy Tickamann continues to deny that one exists. But, says the source, "I don't care who's denied what. This is her gift to her children, and we'll be reading it, probably several years down the road."



Not since Garbo spoke has the world wanted to listen so badly.



Old Couples

## The Horror! The Horror!

STORIES of *Marlon Brando's* bisexuality have long been reported. Now, whippers of a much suspected relationship will finally be put to rest in a new biography by *Peter Manno*, who has spent the last seven years researching his larger-than-life subject.

According to Hollywood lore, in the late Fifties Brando was living with his childhood chum, "Ty's air figure, *Wally Cox*," though many believed the relationship was more than platonic. Indeed, it was even rumored that a photographer once captured Brando performing fellatio on Cox. Manno has not only unraveled the

Cox tale but has located the photograph as well. While Manno notes that the picture clearly shows a young Brando performing fellatio, he says that the face of the other fellow isn't visible. "Wally and Marlon had a very special, intimate relationship," says Manno. "Marlon lacked women, but he had men."

Although he had a number of homosexual relationships, there is no evidence to suggest that Wally was one of them. "Hypocrites, which will publish Manno's book this fall, debated whether to go with the photo. 'Not surprisingly, they decided against it,' says a source. And the world is a better place for it.

Tough Guys

## Y. A. Tittle, Eh?

NEW YORK CITY may finally kill the football void it's had since the Jets and a booby to Jerry. A group of investors is trying to start up a New York franchise in the CFL. "Fred Wiggins, past owner of the Jets, already said no to playing in Shea Stadium," says a

source. The investors are now talking with *George Steinbrenner* about Yankee Stadium, and if he objects, they will consider building a new stadium elsewhere. "Major League wants a football team in New York again," says the source. Guess the Knicks don't count.

## Jane Fonda ÷ 3 = Linda Hunt

A RECENT ISSUE of *The Hollywood Reporter* listed the power rankings of numerous actors and actresses, based on grades from studio executives, producers, and distributors from around the world. The highest possible score was 100 (for such bankable names as Harrison Ford, Tim Cruise, and Mel Gibson), while the lowest was 10 (*Spending* Gray becomes out at 11). Just by

doing a little simple math, you can learn a lot about the way Hollywood works. For instance: Don Johnson (91) + Mickey Rourke (90) + Bruce Willis (90) would explain why the producers of *Heat*, *Dillon* and the *Men* might have thought they had a Bruce Willis film on their hands. They did. Unfortunately, that film was *Heat*. Hank. There are some other interesting equations.

Joe Wolfe (90) + Brad Pitt (88) = Robert Redford (98)

Rob Lowe (82) + Dennis Quaid (86) = Warren Beatty (93)



Patrick Swayze (90) + Joe Wolfe (90) = Brad Pitt (88)

Cybill Shepherd (88) + Susan Sarandon (88) = Sharon Stone (91)

Ralph Fiennes (84) + Alan Rickman (82) = Sean Connery (91)



Joe V. Vitti (84) + David Hyde Pierce (81) = Kevin Spacey (89)

Glenn Close (79) + Jesse Paul Hernandez (87) = Ted Danson (85)

Wesley Snipes (82) + Paul Patton (80) = Arnold Schwarzenegger (90)

Albert Brooks (84) + Dennis Quaid (86) = Spike Lee (88)



Mary McCormack (76) + Patrick Swayze (90) = Sharon Stone (91)

Clay Aiken (74) + Jeff Gold (80) = Lisa Minelli (90)

Sometimes the numbers add up a little bit about the way the rest of the world works, too.



John Travolta (74) + Kevin Spacey (89) = John Lone (81)

Beautiful People

## Dueling Gias

WHEN IT comes to knowledge of *Severin*, *apparently*, who is the bigger expert—*Eric Roberts* or *Eric Roberts*? The two are racing to finish screenplays based on the tragic story of model *Donna Karan*, who was a heroin addict and died of AIDS in 1986.

*Roberts* is adapting *Stephen Frear's* screen biography of *Gia*, while *McIntyre* is

says that although he's friendly with *Roberts*, he's not worried about the competition. "Knowing *Roberts*, they'll try to give it an upbeat ending. I can hear the news now, saying, 'Hey, he's married her off to *Red Stewart*. All models end up marrying *Red Stewart*.'"



Eric: Happy ending?

Photography

## Not a Good Time

WHEN TIME magazine put an old *Bill Clinton* photograph on the cover and made it look as though he and White House aide *George Stephanopoulos* were more over *Whitewater*, the White House was furious. But sources say that Time Warner CEO *Brendan Ivey* was also "deeply upset" about the flap. Ivey denies that he was upset, but

# Reality Check

## Then When a Man Loves a Sponsor



Last his last?

EVERYBODY BUT *Boyz n the City*'s *Boyz n the City* is the only one who thinks **Michael Bolton** isn't the real thing. Coca-Cola was planning to sponsor the golden-crowned singer's tour this summer, but, says a source, the company pulled out around the time a party decided Bolton had "unconsciously plagiarized" his hit "Love Is a Wonderful Thing" from the lyrics. Bolton's people and a Coca-Cola spokeswoman deny the reports, but the source says, "When Coke dropped out so suddenly, Bolton's people were scrambling to find a sponsor." But they could have gotten Cliffs Notes.

## The Drawing Board

### That's Not All, Folks...

A 17 *Jonica Rabbit's* representation of *Shane Stone* on the lower end version of *Wile E. Coyote* *Rabbit* weren't enough, those wacky animators also tried to give us a topical *Betty Boop*.

According to a lingerie-minded source, the naughty cartoon characters were not only lecherous, they were played by **Bernie Spillberg**, whose company worked with Disney to make the film. Actually, the

## Antlers

### Misogynistic Lee

**Spike Lee's** indie brother, **Cinqé Lee**, wants to do the film thing. Not a U-Lover, a script by the younger Lee (who co-wrote Spike's *Quincy*), has been making the rounds. Spike would produce,

Cinqé would direct. Here's how Cinqé describes the film that he says "came to me in a nightmare." It's a story about a guy who is a misogynist but doesn't know it. He's beaten by a nihil rabbit and goes into a

coma and wakes up fifteen months later to discover that all the women in the world are dead... Triple X movies play continuously... No one knows why it happened, but the [audience of] the religious Right say it's so Jewish, it's Jewish. Yip, sounds like a nightmare, all right

## Karma

### What a Heel!

**Chuck Jones** may have earned a worse jail term for giving a list too unimpressive with **Mario Maple Trump's** pumps, but the other shoe may be about to drop—for **Donald**.

The instantly vindictive Jones is asking the *Central Commission* to look into possible dealings between "Trump—who runs several Atlantic City casinos—and upscale club magnet **Michael J. Peter**, who was recently indicted by a federal grand jury for allegedly doing business with the *Guantanamo* crime family.

According to Jones's statement to the CCC, Trump asked Peter to help him set up repress operations in his casino and in the Plaza Hotel.

Jones refused to comment on the matter. Trump says, "There would be an open [business] club in Atlantic City, and I said no." Obviously, he is more of a big name, too. **W**



Any justice, Jones?

freedom." Ultimately, though, they decided they had to cover up Betty because they didn't own her image and didn't want to get sued. Says the source, "Artistic freedom only goes so far." But we can still dream, can't we?

## The Pomo 'Pro



L'Oréal Paris had first released *Black Magic*. Now another Seventies artist is making its head. Literally. The second meeting of the Afro Association, **Black Magic**, has been making the rounds. **Black Magic** is a new color that's far behind!



Shay Dany Dany Dany style



Lee Boring 192/192



Carla Valerius World Cup runner 192/192



Ronald McDonald Longins

ARTIST: ANTONIO GILBERTI; PHOTOGRAPHY: JEFFREY M. HARRIS

MANAGEMENT: VARIOUS; PHOTOGRAPHY: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; STYLING: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; MAKEUP: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; HAIR: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; DRESS: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; SHOES: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; ACCESSORIES: JEFFREY M. HARRIS



BARNEYS NEW YORK Madison Avenue Beverly Hills Chicago  
HOLT RENFREW Toronto ALLURE Philadelphia ALAN BLIZERIAN Boston



**Rocky at start:** Our agless mascot is back. He's had some work done.

# MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

## Henry Rollins: Pants on Fire

**A**s we're as busy feeling good that you never question why things are going so well. Why? If you've seen the

video for "Liar" from singer/psychodrummer Henry Rollins' new album, *Wight*, you know damn well why. With a breathtaking confidence common to psychos and down-

town, cult figures, Rollins transforms himself into a red-faced, diabolical demon, wailing in joy at the prospect of something he can't lose. "Because I'm a liar... [I] see your mind out [I] burn your soul [I] turn you into me."

Then "The Lie" video is a poke in the eye with a sharp stick, but it's also gold-digging as it shows, maybe the best four-minute show in town. Rollins and photographer/director Anton Corbijn have staged a scene from a Hieronymus Bosch comic book. As the Lie dancer in front of a shabby transient audience that spurs jets of flame, his face is caught in a series of close-up-revealing, looking, periodically begging for forgiveness—that play like a slide-show essay on the physiognomy of male rage. Rollins himself was a stripped around, hard-knock kid from D.C. who came of age onstage in the 1980s as the lead singer of the quasi-legendary L.A. hardcore band Black Flag. Since then, he's been expending—lifting weights and consuming the

best, various means. Yikes! Moreover, whatever fast-tension supplements he can chew on. Now he's the pumped-up, self-overcoming leader of Rollins Band and a leading light on the fashionable "spoken word" circuit. "Liar" is his nightmarish showcase. The slightly alarming wonder of it is that we should care.

There's been talk lately of the "post-eroticism" rule. The Lie is post-eroticism all right—post-human, is more like it—but he seems to have something for everyone. For women who have been dogged by the suspicion that men have been paying only lip service to the feminist ideal, or, for that matter, to common decency—in a word, lying—"Liar" is sexual vindication. As for men, real-life fans and shavers may not appreciate the Lie growing away the game, but more or less decent men, too, naturally worried that Rollins, can't help but be comforted. Rage is good, it's easy to be bad. That's one reason we need the women we love, to help put us back in our place.

—JENNIFER HOLLAND



**Pathology report:** Henry Rollins' "Liar" updates the theory and practice of deceit.



**Desmoquattro goes zoom:** The Ducati 916, a most roadworthy piece of Italian roadware, is hitting the street at around \$15,000.

### TOYS

## Italian Red

**F**LORENCE, Vroom. Since all the great Italian cryocycles have been absorbed by the larger republic except one, the high-tech powerhouse of the Republic of San Marino, from whence has just issued the Ducati 916 superbike. The company will produce just three thou-

sand specimens of what may be the closest thing the world offers to a two-wheeled Ferrari. A number will be bought by Americans, who are discovering the virtues of the Ducan. On the strips of southern California and the side streets of the Lower East Side, Ducan adorns proudly face down. Harley and Honda gang, thanks to a combination of sheer attitude and engine horsepower.

Describing the engine is wonderful enough in English—four-stroke, four-valve, 94-degree V-twin—but it sounds even better in Italian. Desmoquattro, the name for the legendary power plant

that turned back all Japanese competition in superbike racing, a sport no less compelling for lacking an American network/TV contract. This engine now powers the get, an insane classic in the madman of the company's collectible 1975 scooter. The only question is whether the machine is more beautiful with its show-stoppingly spartan frame exposed or veiled up in luxurious red body panels that define *refined*, the tradition of power and grace found in the best Italian sports cars and in the armor of the knight who once soared from the walls of the city-states. —PHIL PATTON

# Come to Marlboro Country.



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:** Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

# Junko's Jazz



**Piano forte:** Junko Ohashi's passionate keyboard attack belies her cool, polite persona

When Junko Ohashi was an eighteen-year-old girl in Tokyo, she withdrew into her room and refused to eat until her horrified parents agreed to let her come to America to study jazz. "I never talked to them or saw them," she says. "Then finally I won."

A shy, striking woman of twenty-seven, Ohashi speaks English in a soft voice, occasionally with understandable accents ("With Duke Ellington, I like the feeling").

Under the influence of *The Piano*, one might be tempted to say that her true voice is the piano, save that Michael Nyman's soundtrack is so pleasantly meditative, and Junko's jazz starts. Her *Blue Note* piano trio debut, *Ohashi*, is an album of almost alarming maturity. From the first track, her original "Eulogia," the bass notes wrap with a child's naive joy, the themes build, repeat, and decay with an architect's sense of order.

Two years ago, Ohashi left the competitive, neo-hop jazz scene in New York and returned to Japan, drawing herself to her musical skills. In Ornette Coleman, she found "a lot of the harmonic sense." Duke Ellington gave her "the good big sound," and Thelma Houston, "the cluster kind of sound, crushing the notes." Junko's sound is, of course, her own, a voice born of discipline and ferocious will.

—JOHN HORTON

## Who Do You Love?

**L**ike Levitt's steady focus among was always hard to figure, even before *Daily Person* (like she should talk) said his hair was weird. But in light of his recent promise to sit at the checkered stands, what are Lyle here to make of the lyrics in his new album, *I Love Everybody* (RCA)? "I don't go for diamond rings, fancy cars, or movie stars," he "They Don't Like Me," in which his bride's family is heard to remark, "He's really not that shy?" Oh, the torturous culture? Lyle, weird as he was, used to be just that.

Of course, this is not to say the album isn't chock-full of Lyle's off-angle charm. Mixed right for a change, he trawls through his Leonard Cohen/*Randy Newman* routine in fine voice. There is the usual amusing complement of understated longing ("Skating Lungs"), lampshade-headed sadness ("Fat Bitches," "Penguins"), and cheerful mourning ("I Love Everybody"). Remarkable in this context are the newly married love songs, most notably the lovely "Just the Meaning." Kind of sends shivers down your back; it sounds as if he really cares. Which is sort of dangerous, love being ephemeral like it is. Probably it's better to stick with songs like "Orange Like Me," a saga of how Lyle, in his Norman Bates mode, keeps his wife locked in the closet. There's more per-mannism there. **D**







GIORGIO ARMANI  
LE COLLEZIONI



GIORGIO ARMANI  
LE COLLEZIONI

GIORGIO ARMANI  
LE COLLEZIONI

## NEW WRITING

### And Her Friends Called Her Bill



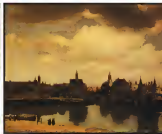
**Fine but hardly mellow:** Billie Holiday took love where she found it—and love

**B**ILLIE HOLIDAY—she of the gravelly voice in the bar, the sultry voice, and the achingly languid delivery—has become the Eternal Diva of American culture. Now that she's more

with us than ever (this summer Verve collected her "standards" in a two-CD "songbook," and the U.S. Post Office is issuing a commemorative stamp, writing about her just a way of measuring the form of worship Ben Donald Clark, author of the new *Waiting on the Moon* (Viking), can't resist casting her as touched with Grace, capital G, put on earth to test the rest of us).

Forgive him. Like God (they say), Billie's life is in the details, and Lady Day's was one of the more memorably genuine on record. Perhaps, if you will, Billie Holiday and Tallulah Bankhead, two bisexual stars from happily colliding universes, greeting each other like lanky show-business sisters, Tallulah declaiming in her high-voiced falsetto, Billie smiling back. "Lula, come here" (Holiday's female companions called her Bill or William). Or Lady Day making the grand exit from a club with two women debutantes in tow: Not wanting to be a slave to coquetry or reputation, she yanks one of her associates into her hotel bedroom instead, with a "Goodnight, girl," leaving her admirers on the supper brink.

Clark's great achievement here is having written a portrait of Billie that isn't all crucifixion. Yes, between the dwarfed self-conscious, the abusive men, and the booze, there was pain enough for ten lives. Still, even on her deathbed, Holiday didn't lack for spit-to-your-eye aplomb. "I've always been a religious bitch," she said after her estranged husband tried to read the Decry-third Psalm over her "But if that evil motherfucker believes in God, I'm thinking it over." ■



**Stroke of genius:** The Vermeer that nearly killed Frost

## Color Man

**I**N MAY 1931, Marcel Proust, mortally ill, in the terminal stages of tuberculosis, set forth to visit the Vermeer exhibition at the Jeu de Paumes, specifically the *View of Delft*, a painting he judged the most beautiful in the world, and he was so mesmerized by the exquisite touch of yellow on a tiny wall in that painting that he suffered a near-fatal stroke (the last thought it was indignation from potatoes). So writes Alexander Thomson in *The Proust Color*, out this month from Henry Holt.

Sensitive writers may be seduced by color, brilliant ones just write about it, perhaps in a desperate effort to escape the black and white of the printed page. Goethe's slightly wacky *Theory of Colors* dissuaded him from that. William Gass

wrote an entire volume called *On Being Blue*, which unconsciously ignores blue jeans but informs us that Confederate currency notes were known as blues. Now Thomson, master of a vocabulary whose hues and tints would put the Proustian color catalog to shame, tours the spectrum, from the medieval blue called woad to lipophore, the dermal oils that give salamanders their red spots. And the pious Thomson plucks in examples from art, literature, and the quotidian are more powerful than Vermeer's *Mad Proust* encountered the yellow of airport fire equipment, intracapsule, men's shoes, highway dividing lines, or the floor, stained by rat urine, on which Magellan's sailors subsisted during their voyage around the world, he would likely have been killed outright. ■

## Rockies Two



WHEN iconic dynasties pushed forth the first knobs of the Rocky Mountains some 110 million years ago, the West was under water. Thirty-five sea-mounts and forty-five dying reptiles roiled and hissed in that Mesozoic sea. The mountains heaved heavenward, the fauna got weirder. Who would have thought that in a tick of the geologic clock, the Rockies would become the place to get away from it all?

While Manhattan reaches to the east and Hollywood quakes away in the western night, the Great Divide offers an isolated peace. The views are beautiful, the air

Prices at the Post Hotel range from \$185 per room to \$255 per suite. Call 800-660-1548. A week at the House Ranch starts at \$8,835 per couple for an all-inclusive room, \$2,975 for a cabin. Call 888-979-1788.

divine. The trick is to discover a retreat whose architecture and appointments give the scenery a run for your money. Two establishments rise above the rest.

The **Post Hotel** (left) is at Alberta's Banff National Park, near the village of Lake Louise, and the **House Ranch** (below), twenty miles north of Banff, in Spruce, Colorado, sits by the Wyoming border. Both are newly and splendidly renovated, and both have been

renovated by those high priests of the hotel, the French, with the covered Italian de Chateau designations.

The Post Hotel is an ode to classic alpine design, with just enough postmodernism to keep it fresh. Built on the banks of the Spruce River, it is a study in mountain colors—a pine-yellow wood exterior trimmed with hauser green and finished with an ascorbic triangle of red on roof. You enter through an arbor of vertical support beams into a small, wide-windowed lobby. A foot-high hand-carved owl watches from the fire wood on barstools, and steps away a few fathoms from the big green-roofed fireplace. The two-story rooms and two log cabins are unconventionally handsome, with pine furniture, fireplaces, and windows full of turquoise sky and the white snow of the Rockies.

But the heart of the hotel is the dining room, where the chef shows off his ingenious

for north cuisine: delicate Arctic char in blue cornmeal, perfect truffle of British Columbia salmon with mango-lime salsa, or Canadian venison with roasted pear and red currants. Thank God you came to hike mountain lakes, avoid bears, and witness wisdom; the pub's least wild-life addition. Come December, you can ski, an activity made easy by the Post's regular shuttles to Lake Louise, and its valet, who wheels your wet gear out of your hands the moment you step into the lobby. After a swim, soak, and steam in the pool-room, afternoon is spent

At the other end of the three-thousand-mile rock snake, the fifteen-hundred-acre House Ranch begins forth with equal finesse. Set on the rolling green hills of the Elk River Valley and hugging up against a million acres of Rout National Forest, it does the landscape proud. Chrome-yellow aspen leaves stroke in the autumn asphyxia, the music of red-winged blackbirds rises over the trout pond, and a hundred quarter horses race freely across mountain meadows so exuberant you keep exclaiming Julie Andrews to

come sweeping out of the next swirl.

On the range, a full deck of seasoned wranglers and forgiving saddle horses makes riding a daily highlight of each seven-night (minimum) stay. Indoors, indeed, feels like home, thanks to the preponderance of leather sofas, Navajo rugs, fireplaces, and books. And, as at the Post Hotel, the cooking at the House Ranch is reason enough to snoop in. The chef's massed seed-crusted Colorado lamb is the food of the mountain gods, and the rest of the menu is similarly seductive: barbecued-turkey-and-caramelized-onion sandwiches, caprese salads with ranch dressings, mango gazpacho, and those dark chocolate-dipped peanut-butter cookies that show up everywhere, including in your perfect log room. There you can nibble away in your four-poster Stuber bed until you slip into a sleep so deep you don't notice that the earth beneath you is still moving, not countenancing a rise and lowering, as the Rockies rock ever onward into the blue haze that gases for air up there on the Great Divide.

—JERUSA MAXWELL



DAVID LUG

## RESTAURANTS

John Mariani

## Manhattan Bites



Saloon style: The postimperial reverie of Le Colonial's dining room, and its crisp-seared red snapper

NEVER HAS there been an chronic problem, but every restaurant isn't one of them. Open a restaurant anywhere in town these days, wait a few hours, and Charlie Rose, Kate Moss, and a half-dozen will show up for lunch by dinner. All the city's restaurant critics will have eaten there twice, within a week your chef will leave to open his own place, and within a month you'll either be opening a branch in East Hampton or be utterly past. Meanwhile, here are the restaurants of the moment. Start us in.

**Le Colonial** (149 East Fifty-seventh Street, 212-779-0183)

In a corner of Le temple where Indochina was France's last imperial outpost. Shadowy and sleek, it's a fall of nation furniture, potted palms, lowered windows, and older European men sipping IP with younger Eastern women. It's a place you'd expect to find Jose Bausil handling Robert Mercurio for a light or like North an arm ad. The food is light and just exotic enough to be chic—Vietnamese dumplings with chicken, shrimp, and mushrooms, whole sea bass steamed with ginger and scallions, and a marvelously seasoned crisp-seared red snapper. Rice is perfumed with jasmine. Passion fruit flavors a dessert sorbet, and there's banana and sesame seeds in the tapaca.

**At Patis** (150 Park Avenue South, 777-601), Doug Burdington, a New York boy who earned his rep at *Paris in the Face of Gables*, makes a good case for a new Latin American cuisine that's full of flavor like banana, sugarcane, and mangoes. He layers soft and posole with bursts of palm, gives turns with coriander and serves it with chayote and dried-shrimp salsa, and wraps rabbit in banana, banana, and coffee. Some of his ideas are too extreme, some dishes too bland, but here, in an atmosphere of Latin color and salsa music, you'll forgive the excesses and be happy you give it a shot.

**At Bels** (11 East Twenty-seventh Street, 212-779-0183), Bobby Flay, who concocted a new strain of Americana southwestern food at Mesa Grill three years ago, has now converted a rocky new cave on Spanish square. The place has more good vibes than any restaurant in town. The Miró-like murals and photomontages and chess the color of tropical fruit are an ideal backdrop for Flay's brightly flavored food—bushy clams in a green-onion-baby chive, charcoal-grilled brims with herbaceous tomato sauce, lamb chops with spicy dried fig sauce and pignoli, and chocolate flan with burned-orange-and-cinnamon syrup.

**Midlife** (11 East Twenty-seventh Street, 212-779-0183) is an appropriate name for a restaurant in the offer of a department store—over the new Bermany for you'd have to be a crazy to think anyone would eat here after 6:00 PM. The late Latino's new home to modern Italian cooking—over-the-top with moose crackers and balsamic vinegar, focaccia with whole cheese and truffle oil, tagliatelle with balsamic and

peas, and pear and polenta tart, all via chef Maria Patis—is one of the biggest hits of the season. At lunch and dinner it's jammed with people going full tilt through the menu or buying wonderful pizzas, breads, and desserts to take home—along with the new dress from the designer boutiques upstairs.

**Johnny Delli** (150 West Fifty-second Street, 212-779-0183) takes its name from an old New York telephone exchange, and the place does recall some of the grand dining halls of the 1940s and 1950s. The vastness of the space creates a sense of conviviality and you feel a New York dynamite at work. The sophisticated, part-bistro. Chef Delli's cuisine cooking is like that, too—combining flavors and textures in such dishes as grilled striped bass with celeryroot puree and truffles, Arctic char with fennel gas, guinea hen with roasted oysters, and braised apple pie with ginger ice cream. M

## Red Burgundy—Cheap

Consult a Manhattan source last in search of a good, old, inexpensive red burgundy this summer and—surprise!—you'll find a terrific bottle. Try the Chateau Côté de Troyes Talbot-Bouat & Pils 90 (1993) at Le Colonial, for example, at the Mercury Les Vins Delicieux 88 (1993) at Union Hotel.



Walter Shapiro

# Clinton's Rent-a-Statesman

With Lloyd Cutler, either you're part of the establishment or you're part of the problem

IT WAS AN ALL too typical White House gathering last spring: eight top advisers sprawled around the conference table in the Cabinet Room, wrestling with what to say about Whitewater. Suddenly, the President strolled into the meeting unannounced. You could almost see the collective thought balloons radiating from the heads of the respective presidential aides. No big deal, it's just Bill. But to the newcomers at the table—senior-year-old Lloyd Cutler, the administration's rent-a-statesman—the moment had deeper symbolism. Within seconds, Cutler was on his feet, standing toward the rear, as if he were in the presence of a true leader, an FDR, an LBJ. A beaming smile on his face, he turned toward them to offer Clinton a measure of old-fashioned formal deference. "That's what Lloyd brings to the process," said the Clinton aide who recounted the story. "He moves you from the war room to a real Oval Office."

If you are president of the United States—work may be by now a shoddy afterthought—having an eminence grise like Cutler around can only make you feel presidential. It's a bit like the rough-and-tumble Hollywood executives who employ English secretaries with perfect diction. For myself, I'd almost a pop culture in the nation. Staffly representative Washington and history figure like Cutler, with their access on the doors of black-top corporate limo firms (Wilmer, Carter & Pickering), make me uneasy. Cutler, after all, represented the Big Three successors in the States and earned Ralph Nader's lifelong enmity. My discomfort may be a throwback to my own States person, maybe it's an awareness of the fact that I disappointed my mother by not going to law school, or maybe it's just a refusal to admit that in my last forays, I too, am far more likely to head for the sofa than for the barricades. Still, I balk at the notion that there is a natural governing class and assert that among, indeed part of Washington, this class comes at night when men like Lloyd Cutler have assumed their rightful place in the White House.

Those taken off to sleep warlike aside, it is hard to fault Cutler's boy-boy performance once he took over as interim White House counsel in March. "Lloyd brings with



Over me, Lloyd: First Oregon, now Cutler. Behind every gray eminence stands a young president desperate for a credibility fix.

him a certain long-term view," explains deputy counsel Joel Klein. "It's crucial to the President in the larger sense, he has a sense of what the term 'the presidency' means." How poignant, how Cutlerque, how Clintonic, politically effective, all this talk of a higher loyalty to the idea of "the presidency." Small wonder that Whitewater, at least momentarily, has become a placed pool Clinton insiders also give Cutler high marks for keeping the response to the Paula Jones lawsuit far away from the White House, which wouldn't say with the President's seductive techniques on the line.

Sure, there's growing about his gray-haired presence. There were embarrassing leaks surrounding the Stephen Bremer scandal, with none in the White House forgetting Cutler at the culprits. Cutler has a the Clinton-only talk-to-the-Lodge-and-the-Lodge-only talk-to-God reputation for dealing only with the Clinton inner circle, with White House aides seem beneath his purview. "I've been at meetings with Cutler," said a rising Clinton adviser, "where you could tell from his manner, here comes the old-statesman nugget of wisdom. And then he says it, and it's nothing special."

NORMALLY, CUTLER SPENDS EACH JULY IN Austria, attending opera at the Salzburg Festival. But this July—made from weekend getaways to the Hamptons—he will be in his dark top-floor White House office, poring over the congressional Whitewater hearings. This same office was his domain during the last, sad-eyed, hostage-bedecked winter months of the Carter administration, when he first became White House counsel in the staff shakedown in the wake of the "industrial" speech. I have my own Carter credentials (a brief

## John's losing his hair. His mission: get it back.

ASAP!  
But how?  
Weaving? No.  
Transplant?  
Not for him.  
A hairpiece?  
Never, never.  
What John really wants is his own hair back.

And now he's learned, for male pattern baldness, only Rogaine® has been proven to regrow hair.

Rogaine® Topical Solution (minoxidil) regrows hair. It works in part by prolonging the growth of hair, which grows in cycles. With more hair growing longer and thicker at the same time, you may see improved scalp coverage.

### Will Rogaine work for you?

Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical tests. After 6 months, 35% of patients using Rogaine reported noticeable hair regrowth, compared with 11% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without minoxidil) — the active ingredient in Rogaine®. After 1 year of use, 48% of the men who continued taking Rogaine in the study noted their regrowth as moderate to dense. Thirty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (10%) had no regrowth.

Side effects were minimal. 7% of those who used Rogaine had itching of the scalp. Rogaine should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

Make a 4 month commitment to see results.

Studies indicate that at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment with Rogaine are usually necessary before there is evidence of regrowth. So why not make it part of your normal routine when you wake up and go to bed, like brushing your teeth.

As you'd expect, if you are older, have been balding for a longer period, or have a larger area of baldness, you may do less well.

Rogaine is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. Some anecdotal reports indicate that if you stop using it, you will probably shed the newly regrown hair within a few months.

Get your free Information Kit today. You may even be eligible for a free, private hair-loss consultation with a doctor.\*

Why wait? Find out whether Rogaine is for you. Call 1-800-547-2255 for a free Information Kit about the product and how to use it. And because Rogaine requires a prescription, we'll include a list of near-by dermatologists or other doctors experienced in treating hair loss who may be able to offer you a free, private hair-loss consultation.\*

Call

1800547-2255

for your free Information Kit on Rogaine.

We'll also tell you how to find out if you're eligible for a free, private hair-loss consultation with a doctor.\*

**Rogaine®**  
Topical Solution  
minoxidil 2%

\*Not available in all areas.  
©1994 The Upjohn Company, U.S.P. 0198-0199-0000-0000



See next page for important additional information



general alliance with David Gergen.) Cutler also agreed to serve as counsel for precisely 90 business days (a timetable that will carry him into early September), although he now concedes, "It might be two or three more weeks. If the hearings or program are not over, I would say if something, the really urgent was going on, I would say that my plan is to step down during September."

The parallels to Gergen are obvious. Bill Clinton in various trouble reaches out to a charter member of the Washington establishment. But there are also important differences between the two men beyond Gergen's Nixon-Ford-Ragan pedigree. "No one has the bag thrown out for Cutler the way they still do for Gergen," says a White House insider. Whereas Gergen knows the McLaughlin Group, Cutler's media run runs more to Katherine Graham (case of Polly Kase's client Strindberg) and *The Washington Post's* Meg Greenfield. Gergen is the skilled political operative, who during the course of his career has become a permanent White House fixture, while Cutler has mostly been on the periphery or as *"the New Republic* guy," a Washington premiere "liberal" lawyer (whose specialty has been to get large corporations out from under the burden of regulations imposed by other liberal lawyers) flung over at the last moment for a make-over job under Egonom Johnson. Cutler, before Clinton, had completed a term total of seven months of government service, all in the Carter White House. While Gergen's career ambitions are comically palpable, Cutler knows all too well that his work for Clinton is his last hurrah, his last shot at the history books.

This explains why, in the eyes of some at the White House, there was a propensity to do the very Cutler thing himself into the selection of a Supreme Court nominee. As Cutler himself said the day that Harry Blackmun was reassigned his resignation, "You know, we didn't even have one such opportunity under Carter." By all accounts, Cutler played a skillful inside role in narrowing down the shortlist for the Blackmun seat. But in the final week of the selection process—as Clinton differed in all too characteristic fashion—Cutler was suspected to be the source of several damaging leaks. He

was spotted talking at a dinner party with Johnny Apple—the New York Times Washington bureau chief—just before the Times ran a story announcing that there was a "95 percent chance" that Clinton would go with Bruce Babbitt. Cutler denies it, but some Clintonians speculate that he might have leaked Babbitt's admission to advance Reiser's cause.

For more details was a New York story that purported to reconstruct the scene at the sequestered White House morning with the President just hours before Reiser was nominated. At the last minute, with the Reiser decision seemingly writ on some tablets, Clinton was depicted as suddenly pumping for Senator Paul Sarbanes, while a clearly exasperated Cutler announced, "This just isn't working."

In the eyes of the Clinton team, this was the worst kind of leak. Cutler's image was tarnished at the expense of the President's. As one of the White House's more notorious leakers put it, with deep gratitude that he had nothing to do with the Supreme Court selection, "This one was a killer. You don't want to wear that one on your résumé." Cutler fervently denies that he had anything to do with the New York story. "If you talk to Eleanor Clift [the *New York Times* reporter who wrote the Babbitt article], she'll tell you that story did not come from me. It's also impossible. It didn't happen in front of the President and, at that time, the President was not seriously considering Sarbanes."

Whatever the truth—and Cutler's reputation for discretion must be weighed against the ego needs of senior staffers—he concedes that the air of suspicion was "a fun" thing. He notes some worst-case scenarios of Clinton's selection, such as the raging condemnation of the Massachusetts firm in the federal "with the lowest problems."

Of course, against the backdrop of the new Bob Woodward book, *The Agenda*, the Reiser leaks seem like Dan Rostenkowski compared with John Wayne Gacy. In fact, during the weeks leading up to the unveiling of *The Agenda*, Clinton advanced long nervously reliving their own interviews with Woodward, trying to determine who leaked which damning revelations. That is, you don't need a Deep Throat to

ferret out that the Clinton White House is built around the chain theory that Hillary is decisive where the President is dilatory, and that Clinton's cherished investment agenda was subordinate on the altar of debt reduction. What is telling is assessing the failed hopes of Clinton's first eighteen months in office—and what brings us back to Cutler himself—is the way that a president who very much saw himself as a northern populist took an Oxford education gradually became entwined in the political and financial establishment.

I was in Little Rock in December 1992 to watch Clinton meet Benton and Christopher to his Cabinet, the new President's manner and body language indicated the unsavory message. "These are men that a midwesterner would have in his Cabinet. These are the ones I'm supposed to oppose," Clinton gave away another piece of his presidency last summer when he was driven by desperation to recruit Gergen. Cutler is the Gergen gambit reversed, another member of the inner circle whose power derives from the respectability he gives Clinton.

On my way to the White House to chat with Cutler, I discovered that the seemingly blank tape in my recorder was, in fact, a long lost tape interview with the governor of Arkansas. How eerily familiar it was to hear Bill Clinton's disambiguated voice talking passionately about "pre-school programs for kids who need them" and "more money to run sophisticated job-training programs," a small reminder of the core of conviction that sustains Clinton, a small token of the dreams that elude him during this second and summer of his presidency.

Other presidents—Johnson and Carter look to mind—were torn down by mass uneasiness and their need to prove to the East Coast intelligentsia that they weren't hypochondriacs with manure on their boots. Clinton's personal demons remain more elusive (the lifelong search for a father, the psychic need to be tossed around by strong women, the crippling fear of failure). But each time he gives in to them—whether to placate the bond market or to tell the buying boards of White House—he betrays away his vision of the presidency for the momentary bolus of adult approval. ■

Have you noticed finding a place to smoke is the hardest part of your job?  
For a great smoke, put in for a window office.



## BENSON & HEDGES 100's THE LENGTH YOU GO TO FOR PLEASURE



Finally a welcome sign for people who smoke.  
Call 1-800-474-5444 for more information.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1994.  
Smoking "100's" B & H cigarettes is by cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.**







Enquire.

WOMEN WE LOVE

# NORMAN MAILER ON MADONNA LIKE A LADY

**The counterattack:** Just when the world has turned against her, our author makes a forceful case for the woman about whom we know everything and nothing at all.

**C**ONCEIVE OF A HISPANIC NOVELIST with exceptional powers whose name is Jesus Ramirez. He has the conviction, given in part by his first name, that he is here on earth to make a great change in the way people perceive themselves, and so he signs his books with his first name only. *Thouless before*, by Jesus; *Writings*, by Jesus; *Shadow of War*—Jesus. He is renowned around the world. He lives with his one name, Jesus.

What goes on in Madonna Ciccone's head every time she happens to think of the single name she now carries—the immutable Madonna? She is either among us for extraordinary reasons or is a part-size Italian American with a heart she hopes is built out of the east-from-balls-of-the-potatoes-in-generations-before-her. She knows that she doesn't know the answer. Who could? There is nothing comparable to living with a phenomenon when the phenomenon is you and you observe yourself with a cool intelligence, your own, and yet are trapped in the erosiest pit of the narcissist—you not only are more interested in yourself than in anyone else alive, but suffer from the likely suspicion that this may be justified. You could be more interesting than anyone you've encountered.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WAYNE MAYER

AUGUST 1994 • ENQUIRE 41



**On the hidden life of Madonna:** Her views and her philosophy are in deeds, not words. Her words give but an indication of where the dark stuff is stored.

Well, we can try to get into one or two small corners of Madonna's mind, although the secret may be not to try too hard. It is going to be no easy exploration. Her views and her philosophy are in deeds, not words. Her words give but an indication of where the dark stuff is stored.

Probably it is more comfortable to start our trip in company with David Letterman. He often the most contrived. She was on his program, *Last Show*, with David Letterman, on March 31, and the results produced a two-day Kristallnacht in the media. Madonna, once again, was being called sick, sad, depraved, unbalanced, out of control, offensive, outrageous, and stupid. So wrote all the bores, columnists and solid suburbanites who do the TV columns, and their language frothed with enough effrontery to bring in the worst services and even the responsible dirty press. Madonna, having said fuck thirteen times on the show, also had, with the aid of CBS's precise workmanship, been blazed every time, and that was enough to light up the media machine gone *Chatterbox* (properly: *Delusion of Borneo and Nagi*). The last sequence of a news story, after all, is to encase everything that gets in the way of a disastrous judgment. Madonna was a slut.

Actually, she and Letterman had been perfect foils for each other. If Madonna shows a predominant vice, it is that she always stands for something. It is usually rich enough, or by her detractors' estimate, gaudy enough, to be on the very edge of the public's digestive powers. Letterman, on the other hand, stands for nothing at all. It is his manner one must meet in our perilous time. During periods of lassitude and confusion, it is reassuring to listen to someone who is absolutely at home in the safe sounds of drift. At 11 p.m., when his audience is ready for a mild pleasure before bed, Letterman serves us their *Choke*—a little flower, a lot of pubesce—and the explicit promise that nothing serious is going to take place. He will not even be too funny. That could stir the blood and inspire thoughts of going out for a drink. Johnny Carson, even at his own muted embodiment of *Whisper*, used, at least, to give audiences his sharp sense—whether you agreed with him or not—of what constituted proper social deportment. Letterman, on an average night, would not be caught dead offering one indication of how to conduct your life. Keep it meaningless and we'll all get along. He be meaningless in a meaningless time in to be the Buddha of the bedstead.

Well, you don't attack Buddha for too little—as Madonna discovered. It is worth interrupting a few moments from their evening.

Madonna came out dressed in black, her hair dark, her manner demure—but for her comba boots, she looked like a socialite stepping out for a dinner dinner. Unfortunately, Letterman, at the conclusion of his introduction, did remark that Madonna had "slept with some of the biggest names in the entertainment industry" to which his broadcaster exclaimed in real or simulated horror, "She's your guest!"

"Just relax," said David. "Everything's fine. We're just trying to have fun."

All the same, no voice in the history of late night television had ever received a comparable greeting. Soon

enough, Madonna said, "Why are you so obsessed with my sex life?"

"Well," and David, "I have none of my own," to which Madonna would shortly reply, "David, you are a sick fuck."

The audience laughter was long. They had heard a lot of America would be blazed, but they had heard a lot of "You realize that is being broadcast?" David asked. "Well," he added, "you can't go on talking like that."

Madonna reminded him of a pair of her panties that were, presumably, in his desk drawer. "Aren't you going to smell them?" she asked. He said to the audience: "I'll tell you what—we're going to do a commercial and we're going to wash her mouth out with soap."

MADONNA: And he's going to smell my underwear... (sings) And we'll be right back.

They broke for the commercial. When they come on again, Madonna was making a happy cry.

MADONNA: You know, you've really changed since the last time I was on the show... Life's made you soft.

DAVID: You think so? In what sense?

MADONNA: Because you kiss up to everybody on your show... I see you kissing up to, like, all these movie stars come on here: you used to give people a hard time.

DAVID: I can suggest that behavior tonight, if you like. Heavy clapping followed. It repeated Letterman.

DAVID: You can't—you can't be coming on here—this is American television, you can't talk like that.

MADONNA: Why?

DAVID: Because people don't want that in their own homes at 11:35 at night.

Now there was long applause in support of his statement. Away with him at 11:35 P.M.

MADONNA: Well, a minute, well, a minute—people don't want to hear the word fuck!

DAVID: Oh, my at 11:35! You stop! Ladies and gentlemen, turn down your volume! That is down immediately! She can't be stopped! There's something wrong with her.

MADONNA: There's definitely something wrong with me—I'm crying hard!

DAVID: I think you're a decent, nice person, and I'm happy you could come by tonight and greet us all.

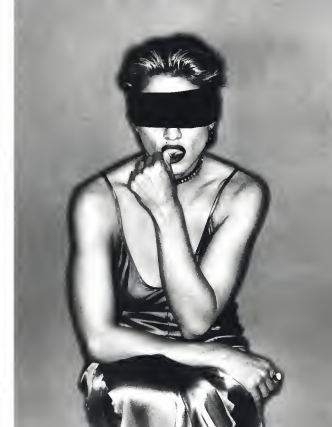
MADONNA: Did you know it's good if you pee in the shower?

DAVID: [to the audience] I'm sorry.

MADONNA: Don't fuck with me... peeing in the shower is really good, it fights athlete's foot. [Audience laughter] I'm serious. Urine is like an antiseptic. It'll kill all the bacteria in your body.

DAVID: Don't you know a good pharmacist? Get your self some Deonax.

The air went out of the house. Right there, Buddha had pants blown off his cool. He might have spent his working hours dribbling on the terms of Americans, but he could not bear a little dribbling over his toes. His voice was so persuasive that it became clear David wanted for the corporation, David believed that cures came in bottles



**On Madonna's body language:** When she saw the stricken look with which he gazed upon her breast, she covered the gap in her gown with a dainty hand.

If he was oversteer to all that was meaningless, it was because he had no poetry. He did not believe in a god who would be wary enough to put the cure for children's foot into the patient's urine.

**S**O BECAUSE our modern every Norman Mailer had been sufficiently taken with the manner in which Madonna disposed of David Letterman to mention it to his friends. Friends of twenty years' standing, they were happy to talk to each other at parties, and only occasionally would be concerned that an indiscreet remark would slip into one of her columns.

On this occasion, however, he could not pretend that he was unhappy at being ignored. Sock it to Letterman, by all means! What he did not expect were the consequences. His agent was asked the next day whether Mailer would write a sentimental piece for *Esquire*. That gave him pause (for twenty-four hours) while Andrew Wiley, agent, and Ed Koster, editor, came to terms. Nor could he pretend that he was overjoyed at the assignment. Madonna, on the face of it, had to have an ego even larger than his own.

Still, he had liked the woman who was on the Letterman show. What the news stories had failed to convey was how ladylike she had been all the while that she was setting network records at the number of times Outstanding Guest was being beeped per minute. It is not easy to keep staring, just with style, at millions of Americans you cannot see.

Moreover, Mailer had a bit of prior interest. During the period after Warren Beatty's liaison with Madonna, the author had spent five days interviewing the actor. Beatty, a Virginia gentleman when you scratched him, maintained a rigorous rule not to speak intimately to women about any of the women in his life. Norman Mailer, having his own heavy opinion of himself, did not care to ask such questions. Still, it was evident that if Warren had been stripped to talk about any of his women with to wit, it was an admission as his four-day guest, it would have been Madonna. Given all Beatty knew about women, it was nevertheless obvious that he saw Madonna as a phenomenon, and that he had had a relationship with her that was unlike relationships with other famous ladies.

So, at the time, Mailer had due much interest. Moreover, Beatty had agreed to an offer too decent to refuse. Mailer was a great believer in taking on jobs that sensationally sacrificed both your best and worst motives, a challenging assignment on fields of green was always an inducement to opening that vault where the bulion of man's energy is stored. Since Madonna would obviously be willing to such a principle—had she done anything in her life that did not engage her best and worst sides at once—they would have for commencement that much in common.

A few days later, he was asked more pointedly by the magazine whether he would consider being photographed in black or with Madonna while she was in evening gown. It was the kind of request he usually took pleasure in rejecting. He had always photographed women in night-

times and had loved it with personal motive ever since Anne Leibovitz had captured him for *Dolling Stone* in 1995 wearing bathing trunks, his belly protruding, his lips on the water, his face hidden behind a giant face mask, belly and face mask comradely swollen by the use of a full-eye lens—one geography of suicide for all the world to see. Ever since, he had modeled photographers' imaginations. (Like a horse at the glimpse of a snake did he near at the sight of a wide-angle lens.)

On this occasion, however, he accepted. He would be going to a black-tie party that night, and the photographic session could be scheduled to take place an hour earlier. Photographer, Wayne Meier; place, a loft in SoHo. It might be more interesting to meet Madonna in person than to drop in at her apartment with a tape recorder.

Let us not, however, pretend that he saw it as a wholly happy solution to the magazine's need to have a picture of the principals taken together. Mailer was now seventy-one years old and, in consequence of the shrouding that wraps a senior citizen, was not quite five feet seven inches tall. He weighed two hundred pounds. Since he pumped modest amounts of man from time to time, he looked (on his head) like a barrel. How can a barrel find pleasure in having itself commemorated on a dinner jacket, even a good dinner jacket? He would look like a barrel wrapped in velvet.

The shoot, of course, turned all too quickly into a preposterous scenario. Which is to say that Wayne Meier had his own ideas or intuitions on where to go with it. Mailer had barely had time to say hello to Madonna, who was wearing a green evening dress and a black choker, as she stood in front of a white curtain draped before the blue field and the photographer had stepped forward long enough to pull down the left strap of her gown, so exposing her breast, doing it, mind you, with about as much ceremony as a furniture mover flips a throw cloth off an armchair. Now we had portly Norman Mailer standing next to diminutive Madonna, in a green gown, one breast showing, a small nose ring in her left nostril. When she saw the stricken look with which he gazed upon her breast, she covered the gap in her gown with a dainty hand.

He had been written for the noblest reason: Mailer, like many an apostle before him, maintained a secret gentleman's-to-the-point—the one point of himself, so to speak. The Edwardian was puffing with courage by the imposition on Madonna. It was not that her breast had been exposed—Mailer, along with much of America, had seen her breasts looking splendidly more than a hundred times in film, video, magazines and books. It was just that this was not the time for Madonna to be seen. If a man wished to present his naked genitalia to the public, he would choose an occasion when his erection was noble. Much the same can be said of the female breast. It is full of needs. A breast can be as proud as the prow of a racing boat, or it can droop, puffed and sulled. Madonna, by that paraverse, was obviously depressed, or so said her poor breast, and our saint Edwardian was outraged that he should be meeting at such a dire revelation. They had been photographing her for hours before he arrived, and, of course, she was tired, of course her breasts would be the





MADONNA: And he adored you.  
MADONNA: Well, I like to think that.  
MADONNA: When you singing in an early act?  
MADONNA: No. Oh, no.

MADONNA: So you had nothing to give you a sense you were going to be a singer.

MADONNA: Absolutely not. Had no particular wish I was going to be anything. When I was in high school, I wanted to be a professional dancer. That was my dream, to get into Alvin Ailey's company.

MADONNA: Well.  
MADONNA: The Jewish company, not the main company. I got a scholarship to the school there, and dance just led to music and singing, but I did not grow up wanting to be a singer or thinking of myself that way. Someone once taught me how to play a guitar, and I started writing music like I was possessed. Writing songs fit me the strongest thing I didn't know I was going to be a singer until I was twenty-four.

He could have derailed a little longer on her development, but he interrupted her less than her state of mind today. He was harassed by the external confidence of her speaking voice for it contrasted with the subtle depression he had concentrated on their first meeting, a depression he felt, that was still present today, although he had no firm sense that it was anything more than a reaction to how she had been treated over *Lust*man.

MADONNA: The funny thing is, David Letterman's been asking me to do the show—forever. I keep saying, "I don't have anything to promote, what's the point?" And he said, "Just come on the show and we'll have a good time, just be silly and have fun." And I said, "Oh, what the hell," just the kind of mood I was in. Before I went on the show, all his writers were coming in my dressing room, giving me loads of stuff they wanted me to say, and it was all sounding like on this made fun of his hair and the and that. They gave me a lot of crutches, basically. So in my mind, I knew that that's what the time plan was that we were going to back with each other on TV. I told some of the writers I was going to swear, and they went, "Oh, great, do it, we'll keep it and it'll be hysterical." I just had the best time, and I actually thought he was having a good time too. But he's fond of like a yuppie version of *Beavis* and that head, you know, "Ooooooos, gross." I don't think he knew what he was getting into, but once he realized how the show went, the next day, instead of just saying "We had a good time, it was all good fun and completely consensual," maybe the networks realized out and he didn't want to fall from grace with what he so went with the growth of the media and said, "She's so really disgusting, and, you see, really behaved badly," and turned it into something to save face.

MADONNA: And how do you feel about that?

MADONNA: I don't think there's anything someone could say that would hurt me or shock me. Everyone already thinks I'm insane.

MADONNA: Well, my idea for this interview is to prove that if you have a brain, it's that you're so overwhelmed.

MADONNA: Oh, dear.

MADONNA: At least the half of yourself that you bring to this interview.

MADONNA: Well, I suppose I am. I'm extremely sort of egomaniacal and and in my thinking.

MADONNA: Actually, I didn't know anything about you, I would think. "Well, she's a lady."

MADONNA: What do you mean by lady?

MADONNA: One of the things I hate most about female liberationists is their expression of the language. Lady is a wonderful word. A lady is a woman who will do everything other women will do but with a little more style.

MADONNA: Okay, that's nice.

MADONNA: Yes. And the word is going out of existence.  
MADONNA: That's important. Having manners can be terribly important.

MADONNA: Sometimes it's the only way we can offer some warmth to another human being. There are a lot of people who are giving you the equivalent of love by expressing their good manners.

MADONNA: I agree.

MADONNA: Anyway, if I saw you under those circumstances, I would say, "That's a lovely lady."

MADONNA: Why do you like me lately?

MADONNA: Just an act about you, an act of privacy.  
MADONNA: But no one will believe that. They think I've revealed everything.

They were still talking, however, at ten's length—our solitary police, but he wished to push the interview.

MADONNA: You've watched *Mad*, but now you're being in a culture that is infused with all the hatred that used to be funneled out into the cold war.

MADONNA: Right. We've turned it out on ourselves.  
MADONNA: And you go in and say "Thank you, I don't care if you hate me."

MADONNA: Well, I've certainly had enough time to think about the art and out of being famous and out of time to analyze people's reactions to me. As a celebrity or an unbelievably famous person, you are, in that country, certainly allowed to operate with everyone's approval for a certain amount of time. People do love viciously through you, and they have fantasies about being you and wanting to do what you do. That is an awful lot of abuse. Several things need to happen. You need to disappear, run out of money, run out of ideas. You need to go mad, have a lot of children, get fat or something. You need to have a drinking or a drug problem. You have to go in and out of rehab so people can feel sorry for you. Or you need to kill yourself, basically. The fact is that none of those things have happened to me, and people go around making all those pronouncements. "Oh, her career's over, she's finished now, she's a failure." It just sounds like so much world's thinking.

MADONNA: The people who have power in the media now, there's only one thing they really care about, other than obtaining a little more power. It's not money or sex or good food or pleasure, but their access. They are upstart rulers. So their access is their hand out. When they're wrong, it's like they're living an illusion. They hate you because you prove them wrong.

MADONNA: Since the David Letterman show, the news is that I've lost my mind.

MADONNA: You're also taking with a huge social machine that no longer knows where it's going and is afraid that it's going to crash sometime in the next twenty or thirty years.

MADONNA: Yes. It's frightening.

**Madonna on her cachet: "I would sit in my room all the time while everybody else was out, the dancers, the musicians, the bodyguards, and using me to get laid."**

There was only one way he recognized, that he could take this interview further. He would have to sacrifice a bit of himself. Confessions in good society-based confessions.

MADONNA: Certain people cannot live without promises. I've been years of my life when I was young when that was absolutely true. I had this feeling that something was near death in me—that something was tapped, and it was symbolized by the word *sex*. To break out of that trap, I had to take on many roles, because every time you would lose with someone else, you are in a new role, you're a new person.

When she was not immediately forthcoming, he changed the subject. He suggested that thirty years ago, her eyes would have been on an elevator while talking to her. How was the *Sex Queen of America* relating to her? Up or down?

MADONNA: The *Sex Queen of America*—what a great title. [Laughs.] We couldn't be talking about me.

MADONNA: Well, there you are, and every time you feel empty inside, you say to yourself, "Sex Queen of America." brother, they should only know.

MADONNA: Really? If they only knew.

MADONNA: Yes, we pay a hell of a price for giving out, giving out. Empiricism is the largest single factor in my life. I just work, work, work, and sometimes it's all going out and nothing's coming back.

MADONNA: Oh, absolutely. I mean, you really feel that when you perform and there's a hundred thousand people in a stadium, and they're all there because of you, and the responsibility of maintaining that many people in two hours is daunting and exhausting—there's no way to describe it, but that's the only word I can come up with now. Then you go up to your hotel room, and you can't go out because you're too famous to go out without everyone following you and roving bodyguards so you sit in your room while everyone else has fun being anonymous, and you sit there and you go, "This is fucked. There's something wrong with this picture." Because now you feel the most unbelievable loneliness. Yes, everyone adores you in a kind of mass-anonymity way, but then you're absolutely separated from humanity. It's the most bizarre irony, don't you think? In *Truth* is Love, for instance, we worked for six months and we went around the world, and I saw the world and I would sit in my room all the time while everybody else was out, the dancers, the musicians, the bodyguards, and using me to get laid—you know, "I work with Madonna." That type of thing. I was aware of how that works. The little thing everyone was aware of their needs, the backstage pass, the limousine driving they use in airports—everyone had one, and I was well aware that that was their calling card, and I thought it was sort of unfair, you know, because everyone else was out having fun but me.

He had learned how to listen with full attention. It was an indispensable virtue for a decent interview. But now there seemed a spark to the side of his vision, a flow in his concentration. Then he realized what was coming at

MADONNA: This is just a personal question, but I am curious. I don't understand sexual energy.

MADONNA: It's just another sensation.  
MADONNA: Don't you have practical problems? Don't you need special makeup for that link red upon whom it's passed?

MADONNA: No. You take it out and you're not really really quickly. So I've not worried about that.

MADONNA: On your study table, I thought, if I had a ring in my nose, it would take me two minutes to get it all directed out.

MADONNA: It doesn't take me two minutes. I just have to blow my nose carefully. It's nice to have to think about something you take for granted.

MADONNA: But in kissing, you could get injured—slightly, but enough to do the press.

MADONNA: That's the beauty of it. You have to be careful. It's like, well, someone could hurt your nose. It's like riding a motorcycle without a helmet. It's just a risk. In the most simplistic way, it's just another way to take a chance.

He had the feeling that the cock was now out of the bottle, that they could talk about more.

MADONNA: In one of your shows, you had these huge cones for breasts.

MADONNA: The *Blonde Ambition* tour.  
MADONNA: And I saw them and I said, "Why?"

MADONNA: Don't look too far for any meaning.

MADONNA: There's only.  
MADONNA: Well, I didn't think so. There's something kind of methodical, interesting about them. I asked Gaudier, who's a French classical designer, to do the costumes for my tour, and he already had these designs in one of his collections, but now I had two male dancers coming out to them. It's very camp. Women used to wear these cones on their heads, but now they're become like a bra. The idea is to take something meant for one part of the body and place it on another part. Also, they're practical. So there's something slightly dangerous about them. If you bump into them, you'll cut yourself. Plus the idea that the men were wearing them, not the women. I was saying, "Like a Virgin," bring on the red velvet ball, and I revealed the whole Playboy Bunny thing, just two Playboy Bunnies in some costume that pushed their bodies into some sexual shape, but now it's the men.

MADONNA: A woman with her breasts unfolding over a man is very close to loneliness. These come from repression.

MADONNA: The idea behind it is that breasts are those soft things that men rely on to some extent, so it's a way of saying, "Fuck off."

MADONNA: But if the women truly succeed in telling men to fuck off and they truly do, then the human race is going to come to an end.

MADONNA: [Laughing.] No, but fuck off forever and ever, just fuck off my breasts in another way, that's all I want. I want soft you can feel me. Believe me, I love to have my breasts touched by a man that I care for—I wouldn't want it

any other way—but it's really important to me—not to ask me why—think people look at life in a different way, seeing that women on set and women can have sexual fantasies because Hugh Hefner with two Playboy Bunnies. I was having an inverted fantasy of that in my show... just another way of getting people to look at it.

**MADLER:** Well, I would argue back to that women have become so obsessed with the idea of not being ugly that you're afraid that I think they are in danger of losing sight of their real power over men, which they have always had, an extraordinary power women have over men. What it comes down to is males know, no matter what they've done to women, no matter how they abuse them, no matter how they've tyrannized them, men know that they are not indispensable to human existence. If women ever stop doing everything, as they will say—now, you're trying to keep from getting at the thought—

**MADONNA [laughs]:** I think it's inevitable, too. Every day has his day, you know?

**MADLER:** But if they do take over, and you get the equivalent of a Stalin or a Hitler among the women (and having had some contact with a few of the early women's liberationists, I can easily conceive of such a female), I can see a day when a human being, male or female, will be kept alive and well every day and the world will be put in women's hands to keep the race going. No more than a hundred years will have to be maintained alive at any time. Men have a very deep fear of women as a result. It's not that men think, "Oh, she's a bitch. I'll lay my head on it, it'll eat me nothing." Rather, they know that in that tender breast there are still signs of feeling, joy, anger, zones of destruction, and if they have any sense at all of women, they know that approaching a woman is quite equal to climbing a rock face.

**MADONNA:** Yes, but you're an evolved man.  
**MADLER:** Not everyone thinks the same way. I think, but even left as instinctively, I'd argue. You're talking for all women.

**MADONNA:** No, I'm not talking for all women. I've been accused for years and years, especially at the beginning of my career, of seeing the women's movement back because I was being sexual in a traditional way, with my camera and push-up bras and garter belts and that sort of thing, and feminists were beating the hell out of me. "What are you doing? You're sending out all the wrong messages to young girls. They should be using their breasts, not their tits and their asses." My whole thing to you is if you have, all you have, your sexuality, your femininity, your femininity, you have made of you, your audacity—the whatever you want to use the word—your femininity, your femininity, your femininity, you have made of you to break down whatever it's good. I'm not saying you have to break down whatever it's good.

**MADLER:** Very well said, and in the name of what?

**MADONNA:** In the name of what?

**MADLER:** Well, you're a revolutionary. What will this revolution be in the name of?

**MADONNA:** In the name of human beings relating to human beings. And treating each other with compassion.

**MADLER:** And for that, you feel that the stereotyped male notions of how to treat women have to be broken down.

**MADONNA:** Yes.  
**MADLER:** Destroyed.  
**MADONNA:** Yes.  
**MADLER:** What about female attitudes about men?

**MADONNA:** That, too.

**MADLER:** But the female movement offers almost no compromise with men.

**MADONNA:** Well, that's a problem, but you've got to start somewhere.

**MADLER:** I don't argue with what you're doing from your point of view but I am saying you could come to a dead end. The women could win and have nothing.

**MADONNA:** I hope that doesn't happen. Once you reach a certain amount of understanding, knowledge doesn't end. There's more to learn about everything.

**MADLER:** Don't you feel a certain danger in the women's movement? That the end desire is not for greater compassion and understanding of both sexes but for power over men?

**MADONNA:** I don't know about the women's movement—it's not my goal, it's not my intention. This is not about me being a woman but about me being a human being.

**MADLER:** So you want pointed cones to remind men?

**MADONNA:** It's to wake women up, too—that's a lot of women oppressing other women, up to now.

Of course, she had not really answered him. He just gave up on the pointed cones. He saw them as no better than ugly gowls, a bad ass or two from the primal times of his mother's death. He could recognize, even as he had earlier, that with her, one had to keep making the arc.

**MADLER:** As you know, I'm not in love with your book, Sir.

**MADONNA:** I didn't know.

**MADLER:** I told you the other day that I thought the sexual overtones were ugly, and the sexual bending kept jarring when you tried to open and close the thing.

**MADONNA:** You're talking about the way it was packaged. I'm saying, look beyond, read the rest. You're talking me you don't like the book because it has sexual overtones.

**MADLER:** No, I meant to tell you.

**MADONNA:** And I really misinterpreted you. Go on with your life. I'm curious.

**MADLER:** Well, let me begin with smaller things and work toward larger ones. I thought your text, while it was funny, was either too much or not enough. There could have been more, and that would have balanced the photographs. Or there should have been less, but the way it was, turned out both and one. Besides, the book was a victory to hold.

**MADONNA:** That's part of it. It was meant to be a piece of pop art.

**MADLER:** Yes, but I have the idea—would you like to know—that the idea of men and women did not come from you.

**MADONNA:** It absolutely came from me. What we originally wanted was something completely created as itself with a look you couldn't get into.

**MADLER:** Now, don't be shy.

**MADONNA:** We couldn't manufacture it because it was too costly. The best thing we could come up with is a compromise was that.

**MADLER:** Well, there you go. Once you have to compromise at all, maybe it's better to do without it. I thought if you were going to say, as you did to Sir, "I'm not interested in porno movies because everybody is ugly and faking it and it's just silly," and yet you were going to attempt to shock people, then you should have had a beauty shot of yourself. Guess the number of male and female pictures of you is enormous. I thought that was an exercise, in if you or your advisers were saying, "Stealer shots could hurt us

## Madonna on unsafe sex: "I'm not going to sit here and say that from the time I found out about AIDS, I've always had intercourse with a man with a condom on."

commercially. What we want is soft porn." So, the fact that Sir was designedly commercial got a lot of people's backs up. They felt we were promoting yourself without large enough commitment. This sort of a dismissal of the reader's concerns. Then they did everyone but me.

**MADLER:** That's not the message. People bought it because of everything you'd done up to then. You were saying, "I've been safe in my music videos, you've seen me suggesting aspects of nudity, now you're really going to see something." But if Richard Avedon had ever been able to take a picture of Ronald Reagan's Cabinet while they were all meeting, and put it in a book form, that would have sold out, too.

**MADONNA:** I see your point.

**MADLER:** So you think the sales are irrelevant. But the way you pay for it is in the crap you're running into now.

**MADONNA:** Right.

He had been married six times, and this was the first occasion on which he had won an argument with an intelligent body. It was enough to contemplate becoming a Madonna fan.

**MADLER:** In Sir, you say, "Condoms are not only necessary but mandatory." I really want to talk about that. The only thing you can depend on with condoms is that they will take 30 to 50 percent off your fuck. Sir is just a part of the strategy of this country. We are always looking for one sample tool or program with which to solve a serious problem.

**MADONNA:** A Band-Aid. The don't think they're useful.

**MADLER:** They're terrible.

**MADONNA:** I'll agree with you, they feel terrible, but you don't think their usefulness is valid in terms of preventing sexually transmitted diseases?

**MADLER:** That's the way some people from getting AIDS. Yes, but that's the short haul. In the long term, sex is difficult enough for most people. Now, with the shadow of AIDS hanging over homosexuals, it's horrendous.

**MADONNA:** The shadow of AIDS isn't hanging just over homosexuals. It's hanging over all of us. There are a lot of heterosexual people in the world who don't care to protect. So it's hard to say, "I'll never sleep with anyone who's gay." You just never know.

**MADLER:** With the condom does it make you give up most of the joy of intercourse. The struggle you get into the other person is diminished. Maybe it would be better to give up around the use of penetration. I think the struggle you can do without it. Then, if you really love that person, you might say, "Fuck it, I'll take a chance. I'll do it. I'll do it for love."

**MADONNA:** If you love that person.

**MADLER:** But what condoms are saying is, "Never do for love or anything remotely resembling it." Probably the single hardest thing emotionally is to distinguish between love that has enough personal warmth to feel like love, and love itself. The two are very close, yet different for one's karma. So it helps if you don't use a condom, because then at least you can say to yourself, "I had so much for that person that I'll take death," or, "I love this person enough to die for."

**MADONNA:** Yes, but as you said, most people have a hard time distinguishing between the two. So how do you know at the time if you're having for death or love?

**MADLER:** You don't know. What you do know is the intensity of your feelings. Once your heart is pretty well satisfied, then you will know whether it's love or anger or power or all the things that go into that. But at least you know more about yourself. When it's about condoms in that you end up knowing less. And that suggests one's need for power. It's like those cigarettes that have filters on them and contain less nicotine, and so people draw them deeply and take in the same amount of nicotine. People with condoms have more sexual contact because they're less satisfied.

**MADONNA:** Well, it's a certain extent, I subscribe to what you're saying. When you go to know somebody and you go to love them, you do say, "I'm willing to take a chance for this." I've been there. I'm not going to sit here and say that from the time I found out about AIDS, I've always had intercourse with a man with a condom on. That would be a lie. And I do think you get to a point with a person that you say, "I love this person or care for this person, so I don't give a fuck what happens to me. I'm willing to take a chance."

**MADLER:** And you say that's happened to you.

**MADONNA:** No. Absolutely.

**MADLER:** And there might have been a chance of AIDS?

**MADONNA:** I didn't even question that. I just said, "I instinctively know that this is the right thing to do." But I would never do that in the beginning, not knowing somebody. And, yes, it is harder to know somebody when it's the physical sense, with a condom on—it's a nightmare. But I guess there are other things you can do—you can meet someone and sleep with them for a month with condoms on, and it's not great sex so far as intercourse is concerned, but then you go and get AIDS sex together. That's happened to me. You know, "Get some sex, get some sex, let's do without a condom." Now, we could find out in ten years we're both sick and a devil come out in the test, so I guess that's the chance you take.

**MADLER:** Well, condoms are one element in it, yes, an unconscious conspiracy to make everyone part of the social race. Then we have whatever lack private spirit we're kept.

**MADONNA:** On the flip side, couldn't you say if it makes everybody stop and question who they're sleeping with, then isn't that a good thing, too? You don't put blind-ly and really go ahead. Maybe it's a way of getting people to think how much care should take that person they're sleeping with. You know what I mean?

Later, it occurred to him that she had moved in one short discussion from what was virtually a public-service announcement about condoms to a real willingness to explore the subject. That was charming—but and might be even better than she thought it was.

**MADLER:** You see, I think she has always been dangerous. In the Middle Ages, before modern medicine or contraception, a woman had to love a man, or feel like him, in order to have intercourse with him. Because if she got pregnant, she could die. Very easy to be the—something like one in ten women died in childbirth. That meant your lover could be your executioner. Maybe that's the way it was meant to be. God's intent. Take sex seriously. Don't believe it's there to be violated.

## Madonna on her erotic nature: "I don't know. There are times I really feel bisexual. I just think it's important to fuck what you want to fuck and not feel shame about it."

MADONNA: I've never thought of it that way.

WALLER: Well, in your work, you do daring things with sex and have fun with it, but you never mock the seriousness of it. What you're saying to your audience is, "Look, you're nervous because I'm taking more chances than you are. That's why you hate me."

In *Truth or Dare*, there is a moment when Warren Beatty upbraid Madonna: "She doesn't want to live off-camera," he says to the camera, and turns to her. "Why would you say something," he asks, "if it's off-camera? Tomorrow, if they're not here, what's the point of existing?"

Beatty had said it. Would the god of himself unless it could be recorded? Such a stance is repellent in himself officials, but that is because they offer the part of themselves that is good for their case. Madonna, however, offers all of herself to the camera: her best, her worst, her maddening whimsies, her profits, her whines, even her fascination with evil. What had impressed Miller almost as much as her erotic videos was her two films. In *Body of Evidence* she had been absolutely convincing as a quadrum. In *Dangerous Game*, she had been equally believable as an actress who is playing a whispering mystery of a half destroyed slut. It had been a loud, hysterical, messed-up film, but she had given a double characterization. She was an actress, and she was also the same actress playing the slut: two effective performances in the midst of much noise, considering that the story has her being abused by a pimp of a husband who puts her out to graze in bare-video porno-and-sissy fields of cash. Then he beats her up with all the authority of violence building on its own violence. (He doesn't know whether he is enraged because he works in a shop or because she wishes to cease being one.) For an actress, the role bore resemblance to going over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

MADONNA WAS, THEN, a thirty-a world celebrity who did not select roles to business her status. If she would consent later than any other star on earth to an existence in which every movement, every sigh, every sound of love, digestion, and sleep could be recorded, if she was as interesting to herself as her women as at her best, that might be because the very capture of a ship she could barely control, despite her skills as a ringer. So she always had to learn more about herself. Who could ever chart the secret passageways, habits, dogmas, sartorial chamber, ups, and downs on this mysterious ship—no sense of metaphor—she was a six-year-old mouse from Detroit riding a billion-dollar elephant, and she had to know her name was power-assisted, but who was providing the power other than the record mogul? Was she, then, part of high roller capitalist society, or an outgrowth that would be castrated as soon as the money wheel rolled on? With all she showed of herself, naked but for a cigarette, a black pocketbook, and high-heeled shoes as she was photographed hunkering on Ocean Drive in Miami Beach, or

displaying herself in all her black-leather prodditions—where the horse folk in Detroit, Brooklyn, Oakland, South Boston, South Philly, Pittsburgh, Omaha, and Bante were going to call dirty—well, with all we are offered of her lemons, one basic fantasy is never expressed. There has not been a single photograph ever published of Madonna with her legs spread.

And she draws the line. We may have to redefine our media universe. Is that the last barricade left in our leaden-out TV society? Can celebrities get away with everything except giving the public a look at their genitals? Yes, is the answer. Gods always keep one last refuge.

WALLER: Let's try an exact question: Is bisexuality a universal human trait?

MADONNA: I don't know. I used to say yes, because there are times I really feel bisexual.

WALLER: I take it for granted that people are. We come from a mother and a father. And that mother could have been more male than the father, and the father's male aspects could have come from his mother.

MADONNA: Right.

WALLER: So I'm more interested in the stance one assumes afterward. There are people, male and female, whose only real difference is that one has a phallus, the other a vagina, yet the structure of their lives is built around their genitals. For me, the question is to what degree are these structures expressive?

MADONNA: I just think it's important to fuck what you want to fuck and not feel shame about it.

WALLER: No, shame is a game. Except you don't agree, do you? You laugh while watching porno.

MADONNA: I do. Every time I've seen a porno movie, I've just laughed my ass off. I think they're funny because they always try to construct those thinly veiled excuses to fuck.

WALLER: In a porno, when actors are bored and taking it, I agree, it's deadly dull. But there are people who are stars in it, and while they're not always much as actors, nonetheless they can get sacred while a crowd of people are watching them, and their life during a being shifted. Once a girl is photographed in a porno it's a point of no return. She's become a professional.

MADONNA: It's for life.

WALLER: Yes. They're locked into that profession, and it's not altogether agreeable. Where do they go afterward? Because female porno stars age very quickly.

MADONNA: Why?

WALLER: I've noticed it over and over again. Why are there no female porno stars whose careers last for over ten years? Porno stars get burned out. There's something about it that is dangerous. Something in them gets killed early. So I look upon it as a cruel sport. But, nonetheless, when porno actresses get hot, they don't necessarily come, but they're castrated, and you're struck by the fact that something real is happening, even while the director is probably saying, "Show us more ass, honey," and telling the camera where to move. What you get then is the nature of modern reality, our double reality. I find that endlessly



fascinating. And I would have thought that would be something to interest you.

MADONNA: Well, I didn't get into it.

MILLER: All right.

MADONNA: I'm not choosing what they do. It's just how it affects me. Going to places like the Ghetto and watching street dance, that turns me on, men dancing naked. You can see, can you imagine, if you had a different life, of ending up a porno queen?

MADONNA: That's so hard to say. Isn't it about intelligence? Not so that poor stars are stupid, but where I am in my brain is what has brought me to where I am here, the experience. I mean, maybe if I were a little smarter, I'd be a housewife in Michigan.

MILLER: With an unhappy husband.

MADONNA: People ask me all the time, "If your mother hadn't died, do you think..." And I can't think that way because I am who I am.

MILLER: You can't think "what if," but you can use "if." While there are certain things a porno queen does that you didn't do in *Body of Evidence*, nonetheless you were treated as if you had transcended even further. And you certainly didn't need that.

MADONNA: No. I wanted to make it.

MILLER: That's my point. Something deep in you and it's worth taking these chances.

MADONNA: In the rock scenes, I did feel that this must be what I feel like to make a porno movie. Like when we supposedly were having intercourse. Well, and I were absolutely faking it, there was no penetration or anything like that. But if you're staring at someone's face, you are staring at someone's face. You can't really fake it. I don't know if I'm answering your question.

MILLER: You're more than answering it. I think in effect you're agreeing with me that you've had the experience of a porno act, and so it comes back to what I said—you found it interesting in a lot of ways and finally stimulating, because you were entering a world that was forbidden, and you were mastering in it, living in it—

MADONNA: Right.

MILLER: And yet you were left with no curiosity about porno stars afterward?

MADONNA: No.

MILLER: I'm trying to understand you. I've got to say that you're still curious.

MADONNA: I've been accused of that many times.

All the same, one of the reasons Sex had proved shocking to large portions of Madonna's loyal audience was a particular full-page photograph of the lady with her nose poked between two cheeks.

MILLER: Either you are looking down in the crack of his ass or you are biting his testicles. It's hard to tell. That's also a crucifix in the background. On his arm.

MADONNA: It's his torso. That's a coincidence.

MILLER: But the picture was chosen. You had several hundred pictures in the book, and I think I read in the advance publicity that there were twenty thousand contacts to choose from. So this photo was certainly "it's a dangerous area."

MADONNA: Oh, yes, it's yes.

MILLER: Still, religion and exorcism are not all that separate. You eat your food, and whatever spirit was in the food

is changed greatly. Then it's sacred. It reaches the women again—that's like a passage into death. And organized religion is constantly concerned with preparation for death. Did you choose that photograph because you felt a connection?

MADONNA: Maybe unconsciously.

MILLER: It shocks the hell out of people, and at the same time you're saying something. Isn't that your idea of intellectual honesty?

MADONNA: Yes, thank you for asking. But also he happens to have a beautiful ass, and I was enjoying that.

MILLER: Isn't that what we all work for?

MADONNA: Exactly. [Laughs] But I didn't really answer the question. I do believe religion and exorcism are absolutely related. And I think my original feelings of sexuality and exorcism originated in going to church.

MILLER: I'm sure you're right. I'm not a churchgoer, but if I went to join my conventional religion, I'd be a Catholic.

MADONNA: It's very sensual, and it's all about what you're not supposed to do. Everything's forbidden, and everything's behind heavy stuff—confessional, heavy green drapes and stained-glass windows, the rituals, the kneeling—there's something very erotic about that. After all, it's very antiseptic, Catholicism.

MILLER: It also enables you to drink the blood and eat the body of Christ.

MADONNA: Yes. It's outrageous.

MILLER: Incredible taboos are gathered in and made life-giving... a considerable intellectual and spiritual achievement.

MADONNA: And when you're bad, you go into a little booth and ask God for forgiveness.

MILLER: And it works, to a degree.

MADONNA: And you get forgiven.

MILLER: You may go out and commit the same sin again, but the nature of it has been altered. Which is all a church can ever do for you. You know, when you're raising children, you can never control them, merely show the nature of their perception a little bit at a time. The confessional does something of the same. I would assume, but in a much more theatrical and awesome manner.

MADONNA: Yes, it's very poetic.

MILLER: Can you ever see yourself going back to the church?

MADONNA: I go to church a lot just because a lot of Catholic churches are very beautiful architecturally. I love, especially right around Christmas, the crèche, the crèches, the nativity, as I said, and I find churches are probably one of the quietest places you can go. People somehow recognize respect when they go into a church, and you can go there and find a real sense of tranquility. But I can't imagine becoming a practicing Catholic again, no.

MILLER: I was talking once to a very intelligent Catholic, a priest who's a friend of mine, and I said I could never become a Catholic, and he said, "Why? Because of the transubstantiation in the mass?" I said that didn't bother me. I believe in the Eucharist. He said, "You don't believe in the Catholic because I do not believe that God is all powerful." I thought, yes. The idea of a god who is not all powerful. I wonder if you can believe in that or not.

MADONNA: A god who makes mistakes?

MILLER: A god who can fail, a god who is opposed by his equal, a devil.

## On Madonna versus Marilyn: She was still without the hyperbolic popularity Monroe gained in her own lifetime. Madonna was admired, but she was not loved.

MADONNA: Yes, that I would like to relate to.

MILLER: Then can you accept the next notion, that we have a god and a devil within us?

MADONNA: Yes, thank you for making my mind.

MILLER: And you've met each other and sometimes one wins, sometimes the other. One can't know. Because the very nature of the devil is to disseminate ambiguity.

MADONNA: Well, I like the idea that God is in all of us, but to me, the ultimate form of prayer, if God is in each of us, it is to be led to use another, and that is a form of prayer.

MILLER: Surely there are certain people you're not going to be led to, it would be a grave mistake. You have to be before there's evil in the world.

MADONNA: I believe there's evil, but from my point of view, I don't believe I'm an evil person.

MILLER: No, but you've got a good deal of evil in you. How could you say that?

MADONNA: I'm not saying I'm not in conflict with good and bad and I don't struggle with things inside of me, but I'm saying that the way we relate to one another is how we pray.

In Truth or Dare, before going onstage in Detroit, she is standing with her eye in proper.

MADONNA: Dear Lord, it seems that every time I'm standing here in this circle before the show, I'm asking you for something extra special. Well, I'm here again, and I'm begging you to give me a vision to sing with this evening, and the girls, too. This is my hometown, so I'm extra nervous, and even though it's not supposed to matter, it does matter what they think. And so I ask you to give me that big extra something, especially to those everybody that I did make something out of my life. Amen. How a good show!

A week or two later in New York, a few ugly truths have developed in her cast, and the prayer now is different.

Shot of Madonna. Again she is standing in a circle with her hands on the cross.

MADONNA: While I am worried about, and what I do want to say a prayer about, is the way people have been believing. I don't care what you did with your lives before you came on this tour, I don't care what you do afterward, but while you're working with me and you're doing this show, you will treat everyone in this group with kindness, compassion, and respect. I don't want to hear about it anywhere. There's too much pain in the world, and I want you to treat yourselves with kindness and respect. A lot of cruelty has been happening, and we have to start looking out for each other, we have to start protecting each other. And we have to start loving ourselves a little bit more and loving the person standing next to us as a little bit more. [Her voice breaks.] Amen. Act [quietly] Amen.

We could take leave of her here, but do we have any sense of the poisonous spirit of the world she entered after she left Detroit? Madonna would have been a star even if Ardy Warhol had never existed, yet Warhol is the clue to seeing Madonna in perspective. If we would look to grasp what she signifies to and what she encountered in New York,

it is worth musing on Warhol's command of one particular gift—diversion of soul and time.

By the late middle of the twentieth century, human concepts for male-to-male sex proportions. The recognition had come that we might be a species ready to finish ourselves by way of nuclear apocalypse. It was possible. Even without the atom bomb, the Second World War had left as a legacy the shadow of the concentration camps, and that declared all belief that humankind was evolving into a more humane future. Then the cold war proceeded to create those instruments of marriage, family, and property that for two hundred years had kept society—or so society believed—relatively stable but for peculiar times of armed conflict. That happy view of humankind had washed out to sea by the late Fifties, and in the Sixties, nothing made more sense to the average young man or woman than a prodigious absorption in oneself. That usually meant: explore sex. The search for meaning translated into a search for pleasure. If sex itself was likely to present itself as nuclear termination arriving without warning, death was therefore ahead. Everyone destroyed more or less simultaneously, no graves, no ancestors, no roots, no memories of oneself.

The intensification of criminal life that drug traffic would provide still lay several decades away, but down the bleak veins of the cold war (which may yet be seen as a spiritual plague more pervasive, although less quickly fatal, than AIDS), Warhol must have been the first to gain insight into the pervasiveness of this plague. If as first symptoms [banned under every hypocrisy of patriotism] was lack of respect for the human condition, Warhol perceived that as a corollary, there was going to be boundless if unbridled lack of respect for art. A painter could go away with more now than ever before. So Warhol, a mediocre draftsman, a colorist without his own paints, moved into the void. The emptiness of others was the human field he would need for a cash crop. He was a magician.

By now, Warhol is seen as a great artist even by people who do not profit directly from such an evaluation. It is to think of him as an immortal American painter is to imagine the yokes. One need merely compare such statements with the pride of the Spanish and the French in Picasso or Matisse. No, Warhol's real claim to fame was not as an artist, but as the philosopher of voids and silences. Before anyone else, he comprehended the vacuum of Western culture in the second half of the twentieth century. "Authenticity," Warhol could easily have said, if he had been inclined to give his secret away—"authenticity inspired upon emptiness in money." And he was right. The history of the last half of the twentieth century can be seen as a study in authority, money, and emptiness. The spiritual discards of our time is the wreckage of high-rise corporate architecture in every major city of the world, the eradication of plants and food and flesh, the presence of the heroinist, AIDS, drug life, and now, in the aftermath of the cold war, ethnic chattering, that consumes purgatory that looks to care all the other life, the first worldwide hint of a time so alone when spiritual heads will wait for a meal with an authoritative voice. "I

and the enigma," Warhol could as well have said: "I am the enigma that propels you for the message to come." He is the major genius of American culture.

Madonna, born in 1958, young enough to have been Warhol's daughter, was nonetheless reacting to the same void. But in distinctly different fashion. She was, after all, like her generation, part of the horde of wailing wounded. If nuclear fusion would be the norm to provide over her last days, then, indeed, she would explore sex, and with an insatiable rebellion against all large hypocrites. One did not have to be political to sense the vast trial of the soul—we had all been judged to triumph over an Evil Empire that had turned out to be no more than a Sad Mexico, at least for the last twenty years, a giant Third World quagmire buried in inefficiency, hoarfrost of damn for world domination. Our political leaders had converted language into one, and our young—particularly those with good ears—reacted to the false note.

Yet if Madonna spoke to her generation, she was still condemned to explore herself. The explorations were challenging to some. In all the multimillion-dollar crops of her popularity, she was still within that hypocritical popularity Marilyn Monroe gifted to her own. Madonna was admired, but she was not loved. Not like Marilyn.

Our love for Marilyn is not complex. She was our movie star of the Fifties, but Marilyn spoke of a simpler time, the Thirties. It was to the Thirties that she belonged. She was three and a half years old at the end of 1939, and a young adolescent by the time 1940 arrived. Her smile goes back to such archetypes in our accidental loyalties to the songs of the Thirties—"Let's have another cup of coffee, and let's have another piece of pie." She would be voluble and loyal through our sorrows—to say the least welcome of her face. Marilyn's horren was kept within, and we mourn her because she gave it all to us and sacrificed herself to the sea of pain with inner livid and died.

Madonna is not only a survivor but has chosen, perhaps out of the necessity to survive, to take her licks to the public. "You want to be with me, then come along for the fucking cure." She offers no balm to wound, no place, she is the stern instructor who shows us how difficult it all is, especially sex in its consummation. Yet she gives us something Marilyn never could, something less sensitive but equally valuable, the demands for us how dangerous is any human's truth once we dare to explore it, the reminders as that the joys of life bed down on broken glass. She is not a lapsed Catholic for too little. Her faith at arm's length, manner, she is always telling us, even if she never heard of Saint Clete of Cheng, but indeed it is true. "Between you and this are we born," as the good saint told us, and the need to know, if you would find it, lies, by implication, between the two. Madonna comes to us as a bottled descendant of the void that Andy Warhol embraced in the use of his technique, but how the audio to fill that empty space with her world.

MALIER: Does anyone ever speak of music videos as bearing the same relation to fashion films as poetry does to novel? MADONNA: No, I never hear that. MALIER: While watching "Like a Virgin," I was thinking that the more you look at it, the richer it's going to get. Poetry is also montage. One evocative phrase is an end to another. If you read a poem enough times, it opens—

slowly, if it's a difficult one, but finally it opens. And then every time you read it, a little more comes in. Same with good music videos.

MADONNA: That's interesting. Never thought of that.

The music videos she had made over the last ten years had employed the services of countless directors and cameramen, but just about all of them and particularly the best-known ones—"Like a Virgin," "Like a Prayer," "Justify My Love," "Borderline," "Material Girl," "Papa Don't Preach," "True Blue," "Bad Girl," "Raze," "Erotica"—had belonged to Madonna. There had been an organizing principle, a discernment in the style, a characteristic sweep, a majestic narrow, a wided rebound of expression, a hyperbolic intensity—one can go on with such a list, approximations bear resemblance to the plucking of flower petals—but the same fact was that watching Madonna on music video was to encounter a high intelligence in an artist. There could be no question. She not only made the best music videos of them all, but they transcended personality. She was the premier artist of music video, and it might be the only new popular art form in American life.

If one wished to measure her nature, it was interesting to compare her work with the videos of Michael Jackson. His productions were various—they depended on his persona: product of his physical gifts, his speed, his agility, his voice, his amazing looks, whereas Madonna had transcended her own limitations to create variations in sound equal to the points, one could measure their worth by the resources they offered. The best videos would prove richer on each viewing, one could not perhaps say as much about Michael Jackson.

MALIER: I want to leave you with an idea. I've come to the conclusion that you are a great artist. [Madonna gasps slightly.] It's on record now.

MADONNA: Okay.

MALIER: That's going to be the theme of this piece, that what we have among us is our greatest living female artist.

MADONNA: Thank you.

**M**OST PEOPLE, SO EARLY HOW brilliant, are vessels. Once you come to the end of what is interesting in them, you can touch the side of the jar. There will be nothing afterward but repetition of what you have learned already. It might take a night, a year, or half a lifetime, but once you can reach the side of the vessel, a good part of the larger fishing is gone. And the clue to discovering that a network of personality is rougher but one more vessel is that you can never win an argument with a glass jar. A vessel is a vessel. Beyond is the void.

So it was agreeable talking to Madonna. She had not asked yet on any of her boundaries. Perhaps she never would.

MALIER: Did anyone ever say that you have a resemblance to Princess Diana?

MADONNA: Get out of here! No one has ever said that. That's hysterical. . . . I guess I could do worse.

MALIER: A lot worse.

MADONNA: Poor Princess Diana. It

©1994 Philip Morris Inc.

Ultra: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.  
Kings: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarettes  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**



# You can do it!

You can switch  
down to lower tar  
and still get  
satisfying taste.



Lites Lights Lights

You've got  
**MERIT**



# WOMEN WE LOVE

## All-American Girl

By Jimmy Breslin

You can win or lose with grace and style.  
Or you can be yourself, like **Tonya Harding**.

**H**ERE CAME TONYA HARDING, who probably should have been a freighter to begin with, answering the call when the alarm went off in her blue pickup truck. She had on a T-shirt and sweatpants and ran barefoot out of the apartment and across the driveway and now there was a concussion in her way and she went to her right and now there were two more concussions and she made a crossover to her left and with her little bare feet went pounding, pounding, pounding across cement and asphalt. "Move! Get out of the way!" she screamed at all those gubby concussions and reporters. Freak your Olympics. This is important. "They're trying to tow my pickup truck!"

If you had to say what caused Tonya Harding the most trouble, Nancy Kerrigan or pickup trucks, you would have to point at the truck. She had two of them, that ugly blue Ford F-150 four-wheel-drive and a green one, which was at a repair shop. So if they towed the blue pickup, she wouldn't have any wheels and that wouldn't be right. After all, she was a real concussor. And she needed the truck to get to practice for the

Olympics. "I want to win a medal for my country," she said.

So she ran right up and talked the snow-track driver out of loading away her pickup. It was at this moment those bare feet pounding through an Oregon winter's day that you had to fall in love with Tonya Harding. Of course she was a bad girl, maybe she didn't let Nancy Kerrigan breathe, but she sure didn't do much to keep her heat. We know that.

But never in all of the sports I ever saw has anyone been so braced as Tonya Harding when she came onto the ice in Norway and just skated around with Nancy Kerrigan right there, the two of them all alone. I have seen fighters come onto the ring and stare at their feet or out into the air because they hated the other guy so much they couldn't look at him. I saw Mike Tyson gas when he stepped into the ring with Michael Spinks. Nobody ever did it like Tonya Harding, who acted as if she belonged and nothing ever had happened.

Tonya Harding, American sportswoman, was so braced and talented and did so many things wrong that it is impossible to hate her. Who among us is so freaking perfect that they never make a bad mistake?

She stands for all those dirty girls who held something for a boyfriend and got busted for carrying it, for everybody who got fired because for one freakin' time the devil was and the receipts didn't add up, for every snow-track sweatheart who dropped out of high school and sits in a garage and knows her mamma will be the same as her father, for all the dickheads in a country that adores concussions so much that we think anybody who can't make it doesn't deserve to live.

Tonya Harding was supposed to become a champion.



but instead became a heated little white pleading guilty to a felony in a municipal courthouse. You find her now working off her five hundred hours of community service by feeding old people in Portland. For a living, she mows grass.

"What's your boss's name?" I ask her.

"I don't know if I'm supposed to say. Wait a minute."

Now she calls out, "Joan, can I give your name?"

She comes back on the phone. "Okay. His name is Joan."

She is crying out a doublet during act with a gay named Patrick. She seems to take her act as the road, but her probation restricts her to three states—Oregon, Washington, and California—and she might need more distance from the courthouse than that to find people who still want to see her.

But don't even bother to reveal that she is down. Because Toriya Harding never fell from any heights. She just faded to light high enough from this trailer park life of hers. She could do something nobody else could do, a triple act, and then she never even attempted it in the Olympics. She is from a world of mistakes and cheap mistakes, and back in February she wasn't in shape to do anything but drink beer in a poolroom. Then she stopped the whole Olympics and said she wanted to get new shoelaces and stain the thing all over again later.

At that point in her life, Toriya Harding was sharing an apartment with her best friend, Stephanie, and Stephanie's husband, John, and their baby boy. Also in the apartment with Toriya was a new boyfriend, David, who was a carpenter. Past boyfriends have said that she could do triple-act jumps and triple orgasms, but David had seen neither. He had left her girlfriend for Toriya Harding, and that turned out terrible, as you can figure. They had a television set, a VCR, a telephone with a fax machine, Wendy's hamburger wrappers, pizza boxes, cartons of Marlboro Lights, and Budweiser beer. The cigarettes were absolutely beautiful for Toriya's asthma. When Toriya practiced for the Olympics, she would whirl around the rink once or twice, hand on a pump, and then lean forward and back, and then sit up, shaking her head rapidly, and glide to the finish. She would lean over and spray her throat so she could breathe

When she finished, she had coffee and a cigarette in the locker room. At home, she had her whole season of Marlboro's right where she could grab them and blow plenty of smoke over a can of beer.

The baby in the house was all right. He never whined about secondary smoke.

Toriya got in trouble with her truck at her training headquarters, the Ice Chiller at the Clackamas Town Center, when her pager went off, signaling that the alarm on her Ford pickup was going. She ran through a steel door and never saw the paddle and she skidded and started to fall. The truck was still, but the right axle was not. Admitted, at an Olympics protest in Norway, Toriya was weeping in pain.

That was around the time when a Mrs. Kay Abby Brooks stood in front of her house on a hill overlooking the Clackamas Ice Chiller and said no, the team would not go near that arena to see Toriya Harding get ready for the Olympics. Kay Abby Brooks had seen enough of Toriya.

One morning, Kay Abby Brooks was driving to work and stopped for a red light. Right behind her came that pickup truck with the driver honking furiously. Then the pickup just seemed just the woman and stopped. Toriya Harding came out of the truck on the dead run. She ran up to Kay Abby Brooks and reached in and stopped her. "Yes, when the woman got out of the car, Toriya Harding ran back to her truck, grabbed an aluminum baseball bat, and headed back for Kay Abby Brooks. Then Toriya threw the bat back into the truck and came at the woman, shoulders rolling, body bent, hands up. "I never had seen a woman look like a boxer before," Kay Abby Brooks said.

Toriya whacked her with a right hook. "My eye was out to here," Kay Abby Brooks remembered.

The other night, Toriya Harding was supposed to call me, but somebody called to say that Toriya's cellular phone had been stolen and she was supposed to be out buying one right now, but instead she was out four-wheeling in her truck and nobody knew where she was. I said, "All right." What else are you going to say? Nothing changes. Nothing ever changes with Toriya Harding because what you see is what she is.

## The First Goddess

By Nick Tosches

Sophia Loren, yesterday, today, and tomorrow

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM, our personal goddesses, the embodiments of, as Goethe put it, the eternal feminine that draws us on? Well, *The Abbot and Costello Show* for one. To me, the chick and duck of Hillary Brooks's heels were like the wondrous film footings of Aphrodite in the sands of Cyprus. And, hey, let's not forget long, tall Irish McCalls of Shona, Queen of the jungle, bare-legged and saturated amid the primordials, lush wilds of syndication.

But this was old stuff. By puberty, they had abandoned me, and I then, *Two Women*, starring Sophia Loren, came in 1956, when I was eleven and she was twenty-six. I didn't get to

see it, as it would be a while until I bought my false moustache at Hubert's Museum on Barry-second Street. But I did, somehow, become aware of that face, that carriage, that look. Three years later, I saw her in *Wonderful Holiday* and *Simonea*. Though I was still a virgin, my sexualities were forever deflowered.

And that was nothing. For the first time in my young life, I glimpsed something sublime and premonitory and irrevocable and everlasting—in one so young, a presence, an immense beauty and elegance, a luminous charisma of sensuality and accuracy maternal light and darkest passion—that subdues certain women. And there was more. In a world of people who proclaimed pride without ever knowing its truth in their *marry-me*, Sophia Loren announced a pride that was silent, rightful, and real.

Now thirty years have passed. She'll be sixty this September, I, forty-five in October. The days of the false moustache are long gone, those of the false tooth are here. But some things are forever, and it is good to know that as one's appreciation of the finer aspects of beauty increases, the vile last beneath it all remains constant, pure, unvarnished.





## Return of the Supervixens

By Michael Angeli

Buy a **Circus Girl** a drink. She'll sip it while waiting for someone better than you.

**T**HESE BEAUTIFUL, ELEGANT and not-so-boring, depending on whom you're lying to—your wife, your girlfriend, or yourself! Is it you, or does every sexy five-foot-eleven framed cloud of temptation in a size-zero dress happen to be in the house tonight? Say hello to the Circus Girls, a loose confederation of working models posing in the five-grain-a-week surge and possessed of an assortment of physical beauty that could make a monk weep. Let them excite you, because it's these women I like to consider through after-hours private parties at L.A.'s hot boleros—Marras, Viper, Babylon, or any place kept dark enough to confound your sins as well as the gloriously dubious purpose of providing a shot of post-up pleasure to the surroundings. Think of the burning at the World Series or those cute little domesticated squirrels scurrying around the Dunbar lot for that you can find men to.

Though none admit to being paid to show up at the clubs, as the Great Beauty boys (in the men's world) put it, "The models attract people who want to spend money on the models."

And if you're inclined to believe that these beauty beauties only go for the Keena Reeves/Brad Pitt type, you're sadly mistaken. They go for the actual Keena Reeves or Brad Pitt—use in poem, Nicolas Cage occupying a table at club Marras recently, while around him the place looked like a spawning pool for the next Glenn Jones woman.

In the present age of look but don't touch, put away your bag of nuts and nuts, then, a glass of beer to all this you might never possess, and repeat after me: "True love is like ghosts everybody talks about but nobody's seen." Honey, I'm lo-out.

DAVID FACTOR



## Jerry's Kid

By Stanley Bing

What's the deal with this Shoshanna Lenstein?

**W**HEN A MAN has sisters, he finds himself wanting certain things from his woman. First of all, she's got to be there, not in some other room, talking to somebody else. Second, she can't be a business, not ever. And she's got to make you want to weep when you put your hands around her; got to bust your mind wide open and turn your entire body into one apocalyptic muscle when she's doing nothing more than chewing on a pen while thinking over her algebra homework. Finally, she should have a good sense of humor, in the sense that she gets your jokes. That's pretty much it.

Ah, the pleasures of an intimate relationship? You can dedicate entire seventy-two-hour days to just being with her. You can take her home to Mom without worrying she's going to get weird on you. You can stay up all night, talking, drinking, staring at her breasts. Ah, Lord. To be sisters and have those breasts within your hands! Oh, sure, it's sort of forbidden, but isn't that part of the lack? Later, you grow up, of course, and want different, more mature things from a woman. Unless you are very, very lucky.

Give 'em hell, Jerry.

## Literary License

By Dominick Dunne

Judith Regan wants to get you between the covers

**S**HE WAS ONE OF those New York publishing figures I was always hearing stories about. Fascinating stories. *Audacious* was the word I heard most often. The books she edited made money lots of money. Two of her authors, Ruth Lindbergh and Howard Stern, a more disparate couple of literary figures I could not imagine, had been way high up on the best-seller lists for months and months. People said she was unafraid to nose her nose, if the occasion arose, no matter how mighty the personage who counted her dispendence.

Before we'd ever met, I called to tell her I would be unable to write a book jacket blurb that had been requested. Judith answered her own telephone. "Hey, don't worry about it," she said calmly. "Listen, I'd love to

meet you. Would you like to have lunch?" We met. From how-do-you-do until goodbye, the sound of silence eluded us. When I wasn't fiddling on the floor, laughing at some of the outrageous things she said, I was riveted by the intimate stories she told me about her life. By the end of lunch, I knew all about her divorce, her kids, her custody battle, and an executive she hates who jerks off in his office with the door open. I learned that maybe, just maybe, she might be leaving her fabulous job for the even better one she just took: her own imprint at Rupert Murdoch's publishing house and a Fox TV gig. But she warned me, "Don't say anything about it yet, it's only in the talking stages." Well, I think she wouldn't have minded if I repeated it, which I probably did.



## Grunge Diva

By Eric Bogosian

Smile Youth's Kim Gordon knows what sex sounds like

**T**HE FIRST TIME I SAW SMILE Youth play was in a locker bar up the Bowery from CBGB's around 1985. Maybe play isn't the right word. *Smash*, *smash*, *smash*. It more like it, in the middle of this banging and ripping and tear-

ing of my eardrums was Kim Gordon—a fellow downstate who worked a day job at an art magazine (or something like that) and whose central drumming/chanting/ranting was those magnum-like roars over her regular glasses. They flipped up. I lost track of everyone for a while in the mad-fog, then I started humming to Smile Youth's music on CDs. They had metamorphosed their sound into a collage of everything good, none, best, lyrics, fervor, humor.

Then I saw them play and fell in love. Kim was no longer Kim, but KIM—emphatic, dominant, far drier than oatmeal everywhere.

She had become perfect: platinum-blond hair, sleek bod encased in metallic stretch lycra, pale, white face with ruby-red lips mouthing out her hoarse, languid messages of need unfilled. She threw herself around on the stage, she roiled the swarming mass of bodies below her. Anarchy under control, eros chained to a faint beat.

Dove since that night, I've listened to the music with painful longing. What is sex? It's the flat, cold, life-fake-for-you-better-be-good voice of Kim Gordon.



# Such a Face!

By Lewis Grassbergier

**Saturday Night Live's Linda Richman: what's not to love?**

**L**INDA, LINDA, LINDA. I can't get you out of my mind. What went wrong between us? Why do I yearn for you still? I dream of your sensitive skin, your scarlet nails, your husky contralto, those earrings big as most loafs.

Remember our blind date? It was my first serious concern. I didn't stand having to hook my back to buy the tickets, not for a week like baruch. Of course, Richman's last-minute cancellation due to laryngitis provided a small reprieve. I'll never forget the way you shouted, "Stop it this instant, you misogynist," and the crowd got calm like a baby.

Later, over spring rolls at the Chinese on Utopia Parkway, I gazed at that diaphanous behind those very glasses with the gold chains while you spoke with such vulcanic blarney of your first husband, Harvey, and his prostate trouble. When I asked for a goodbye kiss in your door, you got a little jolting, certainly, and tears welled up while you struggled to regain your composure. But as it turned to leave, you suddenly embraced me, and I was overwhelmed by the aroma of Elizabeth Taylor's Poissane.

How could any man forget your sweet cry of surrender or our to-die-for wedding that followed at Leonard's of Great Neck?

Then came our tragic misunderstanding. Linda, I never touched your former best friend Sam down in Boca. This is a lie she told for who knows what twisted reason. Jealousy, probably. Please come back. I swear I won't complain about your not cooking or the disco phone calls. Anything you want is free by me, Linda. Anything.

Escape your mother coming to live with us again. This I need like a man in love.

BONNIE SCHIFFMAN



## The Grand Inquisitor

By James B. Stewart

**When Connie Brock asks, people answer. God help them.**

**T**HE GREAT MYSTERY of Connie Brock is why people talk to her when the results can be so unimpressive, so unimpassioned—as revealing of what detective writers like to call the naked truth. But talk they do, betraying themselves in ways large and small, leaving a reader gasping that someone actually said such a thing, let alone to a reporter. Some of her subjects never get over it. Others, once they recover from the shock of self-recognition, have become ardent admirers.

The information Connie elicits from her subjects is the kind that can't be coerced. Lawyers may have the subpoena power, but Connie has something much more potent. She makes people want to confide in her. Thus, she has the advantage of great looks, style, and charm. But there is something else: a genuine open-mindedness and sense of fairness that can be misinterpreted as vulnerability. Many have believed that they alone could convert her, that they could succeed where others had been killed.

And those who argue talking to Connie, believing her to have somehow betrayed them, are in my mind simply wrong. Were Connie to write about me, I would want to be interviewed, my only negotiation being that I, too, might be too honest for my own good. I know she'd get to the bottom of things anyway. In Connie's work, from *The Prisoner's Bell*, her groundbreaking investigation of the Michael Milken empire, to her articles in *The New Yorker* to her recently published account of Steve Ross's conquest of Hollywood and Time Warner, *Master of the Game*, I have never detected a false or mean-spirited note. What Connie does in her work is honor her obligation to the truth and, in modern, however painful that sometimes may be. Among journalists, it is a trait that seems ever more scarce.

ABOVE: BARRY KETKINE

ESQUIRE 87



## Guilty Pleasure

By David Denby

There's a knock at the door. **Helen Mirren** is the arresting officer. We'll go quietly.

**S**HE'S ON THE SMALL SIDE, but she has golden skin, dark blue eyes, and a smile, seen only rarely that suggests sexual ease in the world, an acceptance of men and of herself. Helen Mirren, a quiet, classically trained British actress, has surrounded American TV watchers just by securing a grown-up person with ambience, wit, and a touch of raffishness—as well as a body and soul responsive enough to register every current in the room. As Detective Chief Inspector Jane Thompson in PBS's *Prime Suspect* series, Mirren has brought off the most seasoned example of great acting in the history of television. And yet there's nothing actressy or grandiose about her. Her style is modest, understated, transparent. Having achieved a nagging reputation for taking off her clothes in such movies as *Four's a Crowd* and *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*, Mirren remains naked throughout *Prime Suspect* without removing a single garment. No matter how many squalid crimes are forcing, no matter how many people are fighting for her attention, Mirren always has a private moment with the camera, a moment in which we see, beneath the harassed, brisk manner, exactly what she's thinking and feeling. She sees the emotional and moral values. And we accept what we learn from her because she's always a three-dimensional person, keen and hating, strong yet easily angered. Mirren has never looked so ripe, so sexual—and so unselfishly focused as the case goes. Mirren has needed, for the time being, the vulgar, pointless distinction between mind and body. She's just a whole woman on the screen and made people grateful just for her existence.

## The Wild One

By Willie Morris

**Betty Page, the first naked woman in America**

**H**ER BODY WAS OF THE Fifties, my Fifties, full and opulent as the replastering epoch itself, not the sleek, slender, athletic silhouette of the Nineties models nor of today's high-bellied snappers with the silicone aspect. Dwelling here in New York, I knew people who had luxuriatedly ogled her on the Manhattan streets at the apex of her career and described her to me, the long legs, the nearly ebony hair set in bangs across her forehead, her gaudy southern girl's smile.

And she was a southern girl, which often exacts beauty's penance—from Kingston, Tennessee, in the unimportant mountains—and she lived in an orphanage and won a DAR scholarship and taught high school English.

It is commonly known she was drawn to New York in '41 and worked as a Wall Street typist while pursuing her dreams to be an actress. She *gambled* drunk now smoked, and she carried a brick in her purse to ward off strangers. By '55, however, she had become an emblem of Fifties sensuality, the even darker side of Marilyn. A half million or so pictures would be taken of her for the mail-order girls' journals by professionals, or by amateurs for their own gratification at abandoned farmhouse and booby, ramshackle groves. She had earlier starred in film shorts named *Copied Jangle Oil*, *Hiddeh in Kid Leather Horns*, and *Pench Carter Fight*. In the declining McCarthy years, she was summoned before Senator Estes Kefauver's investigative committee, which was be-

ginning its move against crime, and the senator himself, one of our nation's most far famed womenizers, peevily cited her as human sin and loath. Her career was just about over. In '55, at age thirty-four, she left New York for various American venues and later joined the Billy Graham Crusade. Then she withdrew from the Lord's good earth.

Nearly four decades later, in an age dominated by a national media with the collective remembrance of a winged hellpiper, we nonetheless are advised that Betty Page still lives, an overcast, enigmatic, elusive hiding somewhere out there in the vast hinterland bosom of the Great Republic. How are you, Kingston girl? Where exactly are you living as we speak? I feel for you, and I say it generously. Are you yourself somehow cashing in on your own phenomenon: a false mail drop in some rather swanky of the San Fernando Valley perhaps? Are you serious and fulfilled, or bitter and scornful? Please don't tell anybody, not even Oprah.





## Socialite Climber

By William Norwich

**Sandy Pittman** has been to the mountaintop—and it's fabulous

**S**URE, SHE IS AT RISK in fashionable circles from here on, will quite literally *Tumble*, but where exactly does Sandy Pittman feel most at home? Mortimer's? From now on Richard Tyler's spring collection? No. Climbing Mount Everest with a strip of aluminum foil covering her nose to keep it from getting sunburned (inspiring some of the winter ladies who launch to nickname her *Outdoor Barbie*).

Sandy Pittman is a wonderful exception to the follow-the-leader rule of society. Yes, she is a full-tik force in Manhattan's fundraising efforts, including those for the New York City Ballet and the Ramo-Kron Foundation. Yes, she owns Isaac Mizrahi frocks and Chanel suits like the best of them. Except that when one rings her on the phone, she is likely to answer from her portable Motorola, trekking up the dizzy something flights of stairs in her Central Park West apartment building, which is one of the ways she means for her mountain ascents. It's not unusual to find her eleven-year-old son, Bo, holding the clock.

From Everest this spring, she wrote friends in New York about stringing up camp about moraine boulders flanking outside her tent door, and "purgah," an early morning ritual of offering prayers to the mountain before it is climbed. Her Sherpa guides built an altar from glacier mount juniper branches from below the first snow gathered so they could be burned to make "the gods on Chomolungma happy," she wrote. "We will string up two hundred feet of prayer flags from the pole and drink some of the Jack Daniels that I brought for the purpose."

WELL, one plans and the gods laugh. In the end, impossible weather conditions foiled her attempt to ascend Everest this time, but that is not the point. Sandy Pittman could just stay home and plan family holidays from a throne of cheer and privilege. Instead, she sets off for distant horizons and brings everyone along for the ride.



## Her Place in the Sun

By John Berendt

**Vanessa Williams** has risen above it all and is shining

**T**HE FACE IS, IF ANYTHING, MORE beautiful now—smoother, tauter, elegant. The voice is richer, the laugh more self-assured. The eyes are still a luscious green—a little wiser, perhaps, but not sadder. Definitely not sadder. It's been ten years since the critical, as she calls it, since those made-for-TV photographs in *First Love* forced her to abdicate as Miss America. She's long since risen above all that, of course. Seven Grammy nominations, not to mention a number-one hit single, two albums (one gold, one platinum), a husband, and three kids. The fun of the matter is that this was no baccara-crowling, poetry-reciting, goody-two-shoes Miss America—like most of the others. Vanessa Williams had real talent. Listen to the quality of her voice on the haunting, aching "Just for Tonight." Better yet, fall under her spell in the darkness of the Broadway musical *Rain of the Spider Woman*. And as she spins her web, imagine how sweet it must be for her to know that, in spite of everything, when people hear the words "Miss America," the first name they think of is hers.

# A Breath of Fresh Air

By George Will

New Jersey governor **Christine Todd Whitman** is unusual—she does what she says she'll do

**A**CTUALLY, she is a tad strong. As is well-known, we conservatives are incapable of tender feelings, and anyway, conservative is not a term to charge politicians. But I'll say this: The friend of Christine Todd Whitman, the governor of New Jersey, and not just because she kept her promise. (And she'd cut taxes. Dad Remotely Remotable.) Rather, what recommends her is her steady ability to cut to the heart of things.

When her campaign manager spun tall tales about paying off African-American clergy to suppress the vote, her fury was about the inside, not to him, but to the clergy. Amusingly, that the state's public television station would have to refuse to air such untruths, she said, "Government ownership of the media went out with Pius XII. Make that empty land."

The current President's wife, and her acolytes, imply that all criticism of her, and especially that from conservative sources, proves that her critics are "sheila," a "strong woman." Well, leave aside the question of what is so "strong" about someone who has married into a position of power. Conservatives' passions include Justice Kennedy and Margaret Thatcher, not easily shrinking violets in the political garden. (Gilda Marx, former *Charlie's* and we're supposed to think Hilary Clinton is a strong woman!)



Whitman may be a Thatcher without all that aloofness. It was said of Thatcher that she could not see an insurance salesman hating it with her handbag. Whitman is a bit more relaxed about things. But she, too, does not duck a fight—in fact, she will figuratively speaking, cross the street to find one.

Yet she is not only a woman—a biological fact—she is a lady, a social arbiter. It is supposedly remiss of

remiss about such things, but she is well-bred and kind, and it shows. She has that common diffidence and confidence that can coexist with the security of a comfortable upbringing. So she can say with unfeigned indifference, "They have me anyway," when asked about the opposition of the teachers' union to her support for Jersey City's school-choice voucher program. And about that too, she says, "I didn't say. Read my lips. I'm just doing it."

Politicians would be more engaging, if every once in a while they would say something—anything—that does not seem rehearsed, homogenized, parroted. It would be fun to see from their flashes

of contrition, like that of George Clements—no slouch as a politician—who, wearing a bowler hat to a garden party, encouraged Lord Balfour wearing a top hat. "They said we can't have would be wens," said Balfour. "They told me, too," said Clements. Whitman is one of the few politicians one can imagine expressing such independence from the conservatives that make contemporary politics so reflecting.

## Garbo Barks

By William Wegman

**Lassie wants to be alone**

**W**HEN REQUIRE ASKED ME to photograph Lassie, I put aside my reservations about working with other dogs. I only like working with my dogs. But Lassie? Who could resist the chance to work with an icon? The *Terrace* of dogs. My ideas materialized one day and night preceding the big moment, our meeting at the Polaroid 20-by-24 studio. My dogs, Fey and Barry, were excited, too. I gave them

belts. They got special food. They enjoy meeting other animals. We got there early to fix-up the set. My assistants and the Polaroid crew were about. The *Howell* ring, *Lassie* (always played by a male) appeared with his trainer, his PR person, and his pal Mabel, a Jack Russell terrier, very cute. Barry poked her curious nose around the corner, and Lassie's trainer went into dog mode. "No dogs! No dogs! No dogs! Get these dogs out of here!" We stayed. Lassie and his entourage elevated down to their limousine to stretch.

After my initial shock and disappointment, I agreed to send my wearers home and face Lassie again. I'm glad I did. The current Lassie is four years old, handsome, and obedient. I wasn't allowed to touch him or talk to him, however. Only his trainer can do that. No matter. Lassie, after all, is not a real dog but a obsessive played by a dog, and that character is calm, fierce, and sublime.





# More Women We Love...



## Retire Is Back!



**Jane Fonda**  
The Rush  
Bones look



**Susan Powell**  
The John  
Glenn look



**Janet Reno**  
The Mickey  
Dolenz look

## Wholesome? You Make the Call

Key Bailey Hutchison  
Martha Stewart  
Mrs. Doubtfire  
Courtney Love  
Kathie Lee Gifford  
The Kremlin City Dancers



## Women Who've Taken the Big Job

Lisa Henson, president,  
Columbia Pictures  
Hazel O'Leary, secretary,  
U.S. Department  
of Energy  
Ruth Reichl, New York Times  
restaurant critic  
Victoria Reggie, Mrs.  
Edward M. Kennedy



**Women Who Wouldn't Wait For**  
Katharine Ann Power

## Women Who Could Endure Any Furry (as Long as She Brings the Cookies and the Joints)



**Women Who Could Endure Any Furry (as Long as She Brings the Cookies and the Joints)**  
Joyceelyn Elders

**Women Who Need Better Scripts**  
Madeline Stowe  
Annabella Scott  
Gemma Davis  
Hilary Swank  
Claire

**Women Who Almost Make Generation X Seem Appealing**  
Janet Garofalo

**Women We'd Wait For**  
Anna Paquin  
Gaby Hoffmann  
Lee Tye



**Women We Wouldn't Wait For**  
Katharine Ann Power

## Things We'd Like to Hear from a Woman We Love

1. "Now, don't worry your handsome little head about where that money came from. Just say... 'cute finances'."  
2. "Listen, Frank's away, and I just put Cody and Cassidy to sleep."  
3. "Bibi? Bibi's a troll!"  
4. "I can't leave Harry, during his been too helpful to me. But I'll

run the place in Shouts and Murmurs."  
5. "Fuck tennis. Let's get high."

**Things We'd Never Like to Hear from a Woman We Love**  
1. "Kari!... Kari was always so chipper. I like you because you have a dark side."  
2. "Listen, I'm not doing good anymore, so we can spend some more time together."

3. "Sweetheart, I think we have to take an ad out in the paper announcing that we're honest and faithful."

## Things We'd Never Like to Say to a Woman We Love

1. "Hi, I'm sorry, Trooper Johnson didn't tell me your name."  
2. "Hey, you're Stacy from T.J. Hooker, right? What have you been up to?"  
3. "Kari, do you really need that dessert? I can't see your pelvic socket anymore."  
4. "Anna Nicole, do you really need that dessert? I can almost see the Statue of Liberty behind you."  
5. "Kari a."

# ...and a Few We Don't

**Anna Nicole**  
So predictable that we can already see her columns decrying this entire patronizing and objectifying exercise.



**Peggy Noonan**  
It's time to return the key to the Republican clutch club.

**Whitney Houston**  
Uh-huh-huh-huh will not always love you.

**The Silver Bullets Baseball Team**  
They may not throw like girls, but they will feed and let like them.

**Kennedy**  
High enough to be on C-SPAN.



**Wyonna Judd**  
Our Jean Hovine Judd (and that includes Nelson)



**Jean and Nelson Rivers**  
It's too bad O'Neill wasn't alive to do your sorry justice.

**Julia Roberts**  
On her way to becoming the Zia Zia of our time.

**Mary Malin**  
Yeah, and if Bob Bauer were named to James Carville, he'd be on TV, too.



**Lois Lerner**  
If only she'd been there to save Gacy.

**Women We'd Take on the Redwood**  
Jennifer Flavin  
Drew Barrymore  
Claire Bloom

**Women We'd Take on the Redwood (Continued)**  
We'd a Sex God!  
Sharon Doherty



**Women Who Liked Men Who Endured**  
Madonna

**Women Who Would Make Us Rewind State Troopers if We Were Governor and She Were the Best They Could Do**  
Paula Jones

**Women We'd Be Willing to Learn a Foreign Language For**  
Olivia Bural, Ukrainian  
Ryck, Icelandic  
Elmy Fuentes, Spanish  
Pam Dantes, Queens

**Richardson We Love**  
Natalie  
Joely  
Miranda  
Ashley

**Women We'd Just as Soon Keep Their Clothes on if It Also Means Looking at Dennis Franz's Butt**  
Anyone on NYPD Blue

**Women Who Give Us Meaning to the Phrase "Ragga-Ragga"**  
Patti Davis

**Women Who Have a Hard Time Explaining Their Men**  
Sharon Rollins

**Women Who Love Doc Doc Myers**  
The wife of your average Smith  
Calicut member

**Women Who Ended Up Looking Better Than We'd Have Thought**  
Julie Nixon Eisenhower

**Women Who, on the Other Hand, Ended Up Looking More Like Her Father Than We'd Have Thought**  
Tina Nixon Cox



**Women We'd Love to Scratch**  
Milla Jovovich  
Lolita Davidovich  
Anita Radlovich

**Women Who Are Probably as Wholesome as They Seem**  
Tina Turner  
Susan Sobotnik  
Katie Couric  
Zlata Filipovic  
The Scapple Lady

**Women Who Couldn't Be as Wholesome as They Seem**  
Emma  
Thompson  
Tipper Gore  
Mary Chapin  
Carpenter  
Ellen  
DeGeneres  
Willow Bay  
Saba Aulad





and people want to know if you were part of those deaths.

"No," he growls, shaking his huge, bearded head. "I won't take credit for those bombings." He hunches deeper into the bar. "Our men have never killed anybody, except a few blacks."

"Then who planted the bombs?"

"You tell me," he bellows, clearly exasperated. "Who is Father Chetumal?" He orders cigarettes from the bartender, sending her Chetumal. A second whiskey to the waiter.

Francis's young daughter runs across the bar, ordering to be kissed by the Leader. For a beguiling moment, Terre Blanche is indeed Santa Claus, lifting her high into the air, and then she is gone, scampering across the room. He turns to me, his voice somber. "What will her future be like under a black government? We taught them what was right, we taught them what was diamonds, we taught them what was violence—and now they will lock us in the face. They will burn our flag and throw our books into the street."

I tell him he looks tired.

"I hardly sleep at night," he says, lighting another cigarette. "When I close my eyes, I dream of betrayal."

For Terre Blanche, who has cut himself an uneasy service of Afrikaner nationalists, there are no dead young men. I understand the desire for a few stiff drinks. Not only were his up-guns locked up—perhaps for life—but, even worse, today the enemy breached Venter's camp, his hometown. Right around the corner from his bunkered headquarters, where he's spent the last years declaring that a black government will never rule his people, is a lot of black votes—promoted by the army and the police—cast their votes in South Africa's first democratic elections.

Most of South Africa's 16 million whites, including the vast majority of the 2 million law-abiding Afrikaners, heaved former president F. W. de Klerk, when he said that they must "adapt or die." In a whites-only referendum two years ago, more than 60 percent voted for a measure that started the country toward this week's all-race elections. And now, the AWE, which claims nearly a thousand dues-paying members—with a hard core of armed, racist soldiers—finds itself on the other end of the gun and the legal system.

Clearly, the Afrikaner nation, desperate to remove South Africa's thirty million blacks to bleak, "homelands," had not worked. Millions of blacks, fleeing apartheid's past laws, had poured into the sprawling townships of Soweto, outside Johannesburg, and into squatter camps around Cape Town rather than live in the homelands. And the South African economy desperately needed the workers. When Botha's successor, F. W. de Klerk, also an Afrikaner, brought African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela out of prison in 1990 and began negotiations for a democratic election, he irreversibly split the Afrikaner tribe.

Right-wing ideologues like Terre Blanche, unwilling to give up apartheid's central belief in separation, are upon the idea of a whitest, a separate Afrikaner homeland within South Africa. Terre Blanche's fervent hopes, would include roughly the territories of the old Boer republics

of parts of Orange Free State, the Western Transvaal, and northern Natal, with Richards' Bay as its port. It is the land of their forebears, the white tribe of Africa, who arrived from Germany, France, and Holland in the 1600s. Land they fought and died for in battle against the Zulus and Xhosas, and finally the British. This is a stable chunk of South Africa, roughly 10 percent of the country. "Our own little line," championed former defense minister General Constand Viljoen. He had a military plan for how the white could be accomplished. It was a lie for Terre Blanche, a former policeman who wanted the world finally to see that he was no neo-Nazi, but a patriot, one of those Afrikaners who wasn't so afraid that he'd lost his roots.

And it was, too. Terre Blanche rejoices, the true Afrikaner is a Boer, a son of the earth, a farmer, the rest, such as de Klerk, are traitors who betrayed the oath to the CIA, the Jews, and Jews Ponds. Others might choose the ballot to decide their fate in a country where blacks outnumber whites six to one, but Terre Blanche didn't like those odds. He feared that the election would never take place. The borders of his people's estate would be drawn in blood.

But here he sat on a balcony, important king of his own right-wing castle, without even the dignity of arrest or martyrdom. A month ago, in less desperate times, the Leader was the cause célèbre of the international right-wing star. One day, he answered the phone in his office, spoke for a minute to Afrikaners, then, cupping his hand over the receiver, asked me, "Who's David Dujzer? Is he a right winger?" While Dujzer, the American white supremacist, sought an audience with Terre Blanche, one of the fax machines upon an invitation from Russian nationalist Vladimir Zhirinovskiy, came, establish your new white homeland in Russia!

But tonight, when the police commissioner—currently dodging investigations of his own complicity in anti-ANC hit squads—appears on the television screen to announce, "We've arrested the bastards behind the bombings," the smile is not lost on old Terre Blanche. He heaves back, "The bombings will continue! The Boer will fight! We are heading toward revolution, not toward peace and prosperity!"

ONE TWO THREE FIVE SIX SEVEN, you know about thirty words before the car bomb explodes. And if you've packed the trunk of the car with a few hundred pounds of explosives (just from the gold mine, when you're locked in your little truck) all strapped into their lead pipes, you'll be very like the hell. That's enough explosives to land a few square blocks of downtown Johannesburg. As you see, you just put white policemen, just a little. You jump into a getaway car around the corner and see three blacks away when you just hear the blast. But do not expect the usual he is so stupid, to which around you in the Sunday morning air.

Yes, there is the radio for news of soft targets—bureaus. The two cops on duty just moved, but a white woman in black, which was in your car and you hear that the van ANC. You are in one, and, as a police officer, didn't even the white racist President de Klerk, who handed over the country to the black community without firing



Old Boer Time: A portrait of Terre Blanche, leader of the AWE, in 1988.

a single shot—wasn't he the one who said police isn't for mass? Drive slow, but not too slow, ambulances and cops still flying in the other direction. It wasn't matter if they catch you. Didn't I heard they do, a true right-wing justice. Kill all those bastards, and they put his country—and before he killed them, didn't Boer go up in the thousands? Moreover, that someone is Afrikaner, and yes, "Dear Lord if you don't want me to do this, please give me a sign!" And then Boer said his own to God, just as you did the morning, at the name of the volunteer, the white state, that this day might be an anniversary.

THAT SUNDAY MORNING, three days before the elections, just after dawn, I am standing on a balcony at Johannesburg with three press photographers. They are debating whether to wear indestructible vests. Even the Zulus have just threatening evil and dashed about the election train, and the quest is making an error. Last week in Tloane, a black township outside Johannesburg, the burgling had been recent. Photographer Kim Osterbrock wasn't wearing a vest, and now he is dead. Kevin Carter, who'd just won a Pulitzer, as if that matters now, says a vest wouldn't have helped—the bullet entered under his armpits, pierced his heart. Ken had been his best friend. A vest one week, look with other Afrikaners on both sides. Another photographer, Greg Mortenson, took a round to the chest, if he'd been wearing a vest, the bullet would have dinged off the metal plate, and he wouldn't be in the hospital now. Kevin models a dark blue vest—very thick, very security police, we fear still, we all put them on and bend over.

Into the black townships on the East Rand, just outside Johannesburg, where white homes sit at its own risk, we search for dead bodies in the golden light of morning, the

best light for photographers. Charred barricades, streets still smoldering. Neighborhoods of burned-out houses. In the past year, hundreds have been shot, hauled, burned, and dedicated to death on these streets in tribal and political fighting—mostly between local ANC comrades and Zulus loyal to Buthe's Inkatha Freedom Party. Last week, twenty-seven were killed in one day, good, right-winger's camp, that black South Africans don't want peace.

Hey, Ken.

Hey, cameraman, the lad says, waving us past.

Today, whitey with a camera is okay. Today, whitey with a camera is cool. We drive on through a scorched no-zone of charred structures that separate the ANC residents' homes and the burlesque Zulu boards, some of which hold several thousand men—an area known as Bona. Kevin Carter rides shotgun on a illegal police scanner posted to his ear, listening to the cops talk in Afrikaans. We watch rooftops fire snipers at their snail pace. But all is quiet in this morning. Army troops in camouflage—armored vehicles designed to withstand land mines—rubble past cows eating garbage alongside the dirt roads.

Instead of the familiar tat-tat-tat of AK-47's, we hear bugle calls and war rinks of Zulus, shields and traditional weapons held stiff, waving up the hill from the homelands, toward us, a high warbling in the air. We drop to our knees, shooting pictures. Spiesports touch our chests as the Zulu mps claim the ground, moving forward, warlike but peaceful. They are off to an election, rife, scared by the army camps. All had Chief Minister Goshu Buthe's in Cape Friday in the eleventh hour, he has asked all Zulus to put aside their guns—at least for now—and vote Inkatha! In the front ranks, a male Zulu warrior wears a patterned black hat. We laugh for the first time in days.

Kivua picks up a report on the scanner. A bomb in downtown Johannesburg, a block from ANC headquarters, a hundred yards from his hotel. Welcome to the new South Africa. We've all seen bombs—we have gone off in the past mostly—but nothing has prepared us for this.

Two hundred pounds of explosives packed into a cream-colored Audi. Nine killed, twenty wounded. Flying aircraft, severed limbs, a blind child. The wounded call out ambulances as we arrive. The Audi sits on fire, upside down. Glass everywhere, many wear soot-covered faces. The crowd, red with blood. "Bombs and shattered windows, crying for. Two protesters in tattered robes, dumb with shock, stand in front of a corner market. I walk on, as if I know where I am going. Blood-stuffed dogs strain at leashes. A woman cradles in a corner. An angry black crowd pushes at the police barricades.

**M**ANUE MANTZ, legendary Afrikaner nationalist and former paragon heavyweight wrestling champion of the empire, has for this week converted his farm, an hour east of Pretoria, into a right-wing refuge. A stop for Afrikaner Resistance Movement members on the run.

It is the afternoon of a warm-up interview at the Mantz farm on a clear day, two days after the Johannesburg bombing, so I call on him. If there's one thing an Afrikaner respects, it's a drop with a sense of politeness. Mantz, who once defected to American who was 100 pounds heavier and a foot taller, invites me over for "soup with the Bibles."

Among the Bibles is Terry Blanchie's secretary general, Neo Treloar. Within hours, he will be arrested for allegedly understanding this bombing campaign. But for now, he offers me a cigarette while a command of thirty AWB soldiers lounge nearby in khaki uniforms with pistol at waist to their belts. Prinsloo, thirty-two, wears blue jeans and a denim shirt. His eyes are often wide open. He is soft-spoken, unarmored, and he smells a little. Like most white males of his generation, he spent mandatory army service in the South African Defense Force on the southern border during the heyday of an official government paranoia called Brutus Overload, which blamed all unrest in South Africa on communists stealing across the border.

A pack of bearded dogs are snuffing and rolling under feet. Many grenades strewn the lawn. Before we serve ourselves from giant barrels of soup and platters of what bread, the story near-year-old Mantz—whose father was a general in the Anglo-Boer War and whose great-grandfather led the army of the original Afrikaner who led his white race into the African interior, as well as to his own heads in prayer. Involving the Vow of Blood River, which "proclaimed our kinship" and their rejection after the Zulus more than a century ago. Mantz adds God's protection to the days of unlearning ahead. The new end: "Deliver our enemies into us."

We take our bowls to the edge of the lawn and in the company of barking chickens, swans, several peacocks, and a pair of crows, all perched nearby, Prinsloo adds me about the son of the first bomb.

I say two hundred pounds, and Prinsloo shakes his head in surprise. "Just do it like a good boy."

But there isn't a lot of satisfaction in his eyes when I tell him about the blast, which killed twenty blacks, and he seems a little squashed when I describe the severed hands and bloody signs I saw on the pavement, and

how young the dead was a fifteen-year-old white schoolboy and a forty-year-old white woman.

Mantz suggests that the bomb is a kind of warning—"while the rest of the world is unaware of the situation, they show the real reason. Small facts are in everywhere, do you know what I'm saying?"

"Who do you think are those bombs?" Prinsloo asks. "Do you think it was the Zulus?"

A white man I call him, was seen running from the car before it exploded in Johannesburg, and another white was caught yesterday with explosives taped in his car. The police say it's a right-wing conspiracy to disrupt the elections and have offered a half million dollar reward, hoping the money will attract a few unemployed right-wing conscripts to join.

Prinsloo's lower jawline. "Anybody who goes to jail now will be laughing. They'll throw away the keys."

I never do see the trailer of mortar or the cache of machine guns Mantz is rumored to have stashed on the thousand-acre spread. Police sources tell me that such caches are banned on farmland all across South Africa. But Mantz keeps insisting that this farm is not a sanctuary base but a refuge camp for small white boys who don't feel safe in the city.

Your neighboring has become a national sport in South Africa, and for the AWB, talk of the next grand—the black threat—is a useful rallying cry, a doesn't help that in the recent past, isolated white farmers have been killed by black militants who claim, "One series, one bullet" and "kill the Boer." At a closed meeting of the AWB faithful I attended a few nights back in Durban, on the Indian Ocean, the local general had revealed a top-secret defense plan in anticipation of "two million blacks rising out of aquifer camps with AK-47s." Code-named Operation Thunder, the plan included cryptic phone calls, defensive logics, safe houses, exodus routes, and, yes, instead a ship in the harbor.

As I leave Mantz's farm, he is still overbearing, preparing for the apocalypse, convinced that thousands of white refugees from Johannesburg will flee. Two black workmen wearing a Bag Country hat and a red shirt are sitting on a bench, one man's foot on the back of a truck. He calls out to me. "We're safe here in the plan. We know our black—they're the family."

**T**O REACH AWB headquarters in Vanderbijlpark, you cross the great fertile plainland of the Western Transvaal, through clearing fields of maize and sunflowers. It sits on the stretch of road one mile left of Vanderbijlpark, the AWB members, wearing white police uniforms, stand up a fake roadblock and force all blacks from their cars at gunpoint, leaving them on the road and shooting them in plain black rage.

A CNN crew waits at the corner. After weeks of dominating the media, Terry Blanchie has invited journalists to join a two-hundred-car convoy of heavily armed AWB supporters who are heading to a rally fifty miles away, where he will talk about the arrest of the bombers. CNN is hoping for blood. "Do you know what AWB stands for?" the CNN cameraman asks, punching me in the arm. "Afrikaner Without Borders." At AWB headquarters, a banker of sandbags is stacked eight feet high around the entrance, and steel mesh alarms down to detect grenades and petrol bombs. A large sign, in green letters, is taped to the outside wall: **WE HATE AWB**. AWB group hate the press, and in we approach them, I am reminded of the Zulu king Dingane

screaming, "Kill the 'Whites!' before he slaughtered the party of whites he'd owned in his land in 1820.

At noon, the church bells toll, and the convoy leads north out of Vanderbijlpark, loaded men in khaki uniforms, on the backs of trucks, some wearing no masks, others high. The CNN news crew then to get a long shot. I get a list too, which I fix with the help of a Japanese television crew and we are out of the main convoy, which had been given military escort. We cross a hill and find our cars surrounded by a squad group of AWB Weekend warriors, the Victory Command. I am taking pictures when they jump from their pickups and begin smashing windows with rifle butts, trying to stop us out of camera. They are especially smart on hitting the Japanese in the rear from filming but the TV crew accelerates onto the shoulder and speeds away. The viewing Weekend warriors turn their attention to me. The barrel of a pump-action shotgun points against my window, continuing from my face. *One person, no bullet. Another rushed out jumps onto my car, crashes with his R-4 assault rifle. You take a picture. I'll kill you. I take my camera under the seat and put my hands up. I can lose your head if I drive on, dogged by them the whole way.* As the rally begins, Terry Blanchie is introduced as a black reporter from the New York Daily News. He is beaten and checked out. The AWB crowd cheers, and journalists, who now outnumber Terry Blanchie supporters, threaten to walk out but don't. CNN leads the evening news with Terry Blanchie sounding his former refuge that the bombings will continue: "We will use any means and ways to keep our people free and independent in the barbarism, which my ancestors paid in untold millions of blood and tears and the bodies of our children."



**T**HE THIRTY-two suspected bombers, including Prinsloo, are in jail for three weeks before coming up for their bail hearing at the Magistrate Court in Johannesburg. At the hearing, the defendants are not charged or arraigned. They come in pairs, dressed, look neat. Their heads shake, a few smile. They all smoke cigarettes and beer. The gallery is packed with white and female.

The courtroom is not as different from the one where Nelson Mandela, then a young lawyer and head of the ANC's military wing, stood in 1963 at his first treason trial and made his case for a campaign of violent resistance against the apartheid state before being sent away to prison for twenty-seven years.

Tens of the accused are members of the AWB's elite Iron Guard, a unit made up mostly of former South African special forces experts, many of whom have explosives training. Four are members of the AWB's Weekend warriors, eight are regular AWB members. A police official insists that the accused were also planning to detonate a five-ton bomb at Jet Sports airport on the day of Mandela's inauguration. (The bomb that devastated the World Trade Center in New York was a tank size.) The confiscated evidence in-

cludes assault rifles, machine guns, revolvers, six pounds of explosives, stolen cars, false registration plates, nine passports, and a black wig. The police advise now that in their down road, twenty-one escaped and are still on the run.

This will be the largest right-wing trial in South African history and its procedures are governed by a new bill of rights. Under the apartheid legal system, twenty thousand blacks were detained without trial, often for months or years, and confessions were routinely coerced through torture to arrange it left prisoners dead or maimed. Retained now to arrange prisoners in the company of lawyers, the colored admits that the defendants have not been forthcoming.

The suspected AWB members have over the dock, kissing wives and girlfriends. The defense attorney bows to the judge, then addresses the state's chief witness.

But how, colored, do you know it was these men?

Well, at the bombings have stopped.

The thirty-two accused bombers attend on benches before the judge do not look so much different from apartheid photographs of Boer commandos who fought British rule nearly a century ago. Add a few pipes, arrange hair, and carbon both over the shoulders, and there are the second farmers whose collective will the right of the British empire couldn't thwart. This gallery of rugged descendants from Boer farmers who invented the commando, small, quick-movement units of hunters and horsemen whose hit-and-run attacks on British supply lines prolonged a war in Africa that had whites killing whites. And even back then, the Boers were explosives experts, blowing up bridges, sabotaging movements. The British suffered staggering losses to these farmers, finally resorting to the infamous scorched-earth policy of burning farmland and massacring Boer women, children, and old men

in concentration camps. Twenty-two thousand perished in the camps. Even as the Boer War ended in defeat for the Afrikaners, winning commanders refused to concede. Those Boers came to be known as the boerevinders.

**T**HERE ARE MORE than fifty right-wing organizations in South Africa, and though the AWB is the most numerous, even looking up its leadership would not stop future bombings—or so most experts believe. In the days before Mandela's inauguration, while Terry Blanchie's men were in jail, twelve hundred pounds of explosives were stolen from a gold mine. (About fifty-five thousand tons of commercial explosives are manufactured in South Africa each year. Most of it is destined for the gold mines, which have become the main gold ground for diamonds.)

The Boer Republican Army, another right-wing splinter group, numbering perhaps two hundred, is well known to the police as a bombing organization. Andrew Ford, leader of the BKA, arranges to meet me one night at his rural hideout, and when Ford and his dogs grow me at the end of



Four astonishing events  
in four fast weeks, as recalled by  
four faces in the crowd

# THE SUMMER OF '69

**T**HEY WERE AMONG the highest brand-name moments in what still ranks as one of the hottest-selling decades in American history, events of such resonance that only the limitations of the language keep *all* of them from being known by single names: Chappaquiddick. Manson. Woodstock. The Moon Landing. Cultural events are rare enough, especially those that reverberate a quarter century later. (Think about it: Could Diane Sawyer have devoted the first program of *Turning Point* to Sputnik? Is there any chance of there being even *one* Altamont reunion concert?) What is almost unfathomable is that these four events happened within twenty-eight days, as though the Sixties, the decade whose most enduring legacy is our appetite for the shockeroo, couldn't bow out without an eye-popping climax. Of course, what's often best about epic events is that they have casts of thousands, all with stories of their own.

FINAL DAILY NEWS 8¢  
NEW YORK'S LARGEST NEWSPAPER

## MEN WALK ON THE MOON


*One Small Step for Man,  
One Giant Leap for Mankind'*



FINAL SUNDAY NEWS 20¢  
NEW YORK'S LARGEST NEWSPAPER

## TEDDY ESCAPES, BLONDE DROWNS

*Kennedy Car Runs Off Bridge*



*Jersey Girl Crash Victim*

*Eagle Lands in Moon Dust Today*

FINAL SUNDAY NEWS 20¢  
NEW YORK'S LARGEST NEWSPAPER


## ACTRESS AND 4 SLAIN IN RITUAL



*Sharon Tate Among Victims*

FINAL DAILY NEWS 8¢  
NEW YORK'S LARGEST NEWSPAPER

## TRAFFIC UPTIGHT AT HIPPIEFEST



# The Moon Landing

BY ELIZABETH KAYE

**I**N MY PARTICULAR CROWD, space flights were regarded as an exhausted nation's pathetic attempt to feel better about itself in the wake of losing both the war on poverty and the war in Vietnam. These issues had supplanted a knife agency to everybody—rich or poor, left wing or right—and as we saw it, space exploration was a ludicrous diversion with the silent purpose, it seemed, of making Walter Cronkite happy. On the July night, Mr. Cronkite was very happy.

I was in a shabby neighborhood bar on West Highway 66th Street in Manhattan when the Apollo 11 astronauts touched down. The room was full of half-drunk people who had gathered to laugh but found themselves oddly moved by the sight of men on the moon. Of Neil Armstrong and the other guy whose names would be so hard to remember that "Who was the second man on the moon?" later became a Jeopardy question.

Eight years after the Apollo 11 landed, I attended a press conference whose subject was the second man on the moon, Colonel Edwin E. "Buzz" Aldrin, and his recent recovery from an extended bout with alcoholism.

"When you returned from the moon," a reporter asked, "did you feel that your life had reached as pinnacle, that there were no challenges to greet you, no oceans to cross, no mountains to climb?"

The colonel had fringed his blue eyes. But he could master a hero's dignity. "Yes," he said.

I got to know Colonel Aldrin after that. He had, back then, a part-time job selling cars, which suggested a great deal about the limits of heroism in general and those of the colonel in particular. In his late forties, he was drifting, uncentered, early retirement from the Air Force having deprived him of his principal area of competence. Now he was left to display his Apollo 11 ring to strangers, to drive too fast as a Honda emblazoned with a bumper sticker that read *COULD GO TO CRYSTAL*, and to spend evenings with his pianist-son, seated on the couch of his darkened ground-level

apartment, pointing out the stars with an illuminated arrow.

A divided man, gruff and sweet, poised and unsure, he had devolved into the kind of American celebrity whose future lay in game shows and ceremonial functions. On hand for the return of Apollo flights, seated in the reviewing stand for the space shuttle's landing, he always looked around in that furtive way that people do when they have been celebrated and renewed and wonder if anyone remembers them.

Buzz Aldrin seemed unhappy, and I assumed that this was because he had to be knowing that his best days were behind him. When he'd had his proverbial fifteen minutes of fame, the nucleus of the world's most exotic, as citizens of every nation were transfixed by the vision of two creatures who seemed neither men nor machine gambling on the moon. They had jumped and danced and then returned to earth, where they were met with cheers and motorcycles and confetti, and they could be forgiven if they felt a little lost. They were not aware of their time in the sun, and then that time came and it is someone else's loss.

But even in his own moment of glory, Buzz Aldrin had been disappointed, for he was supposed to have been first on the moon until NASA switched the assignment at the last minute. Thus, his public glory was a private deficit, though he found a way to address that grievance.

Both astronauts were given cameras, and both were supposed to photograph each other as they leaped and frolicked around Tranquility Base. "Then they did the thing," Colonel Aldrin left his camera on the moon, so that the only photograph of an astronaut on the lunar surface were those Armstrong took of him, an elegant receipt that comes to mind whenever I hear the term passive-aggressive.

Eventually I lost track of Colonel Aldrin, though as the years passed, I would hear about him from friends. I heard that he remarried. I heard that he had a face-lift. But I never heard whether he was able to make peace with the fact that life could never offer him another ascent like those twenty minutes when he danced on the moon, and the entire world stopped what it was doing to watch him dance.

I was standing naked and dripping in the hallway, listening to my old boyfriend Peter say, with a note of "get ready" in his voice, "Did you hear the news?"

"News? What news?"

"We were all enchanted, under a spell of peace and love and LSD that we thought had changed the world. In those days, people might drop by for one point, get high up on some transformational conversation, and wind up staying for the whole day or three weeks and then leaving for different sites, other adventures. And it was going to last forever."

We were all under the same spell, but still I had always been paranoid in the worst and most obvious way, afraid not only of the West Hollywood Sheriff's Department but also of "gay"—of "seems," of the likes of copies, of too much

hanging on drugs, of girls who lost their heads. I knew people like that, their minds wiped clean by some acid/speed combination that left them standing rigid with screams screaming down their faces, and I was afraid of being one of them, dropped off at the UCLA psychiatric clinic.

I couldn't smoke a joint without hearing the West Hollywood Sheriff's Department knocking down the door. I couldn't be high without knowing that cops five miles away could tell and were coming as fast as lightning and "wait, try LSD, you can't be guaranteed on that" but I was.

Still on the phone, I ran to my front door and looked in. "Why would anyone do that to Sharon Tate?" I asked. I had seen Sharon Tate only once, in Rome in 1965 at the Café de Paris, a vision of such loveliness, and yet somehow this incredible girl hadn't protected her—nothing had protected any of them. My friend M, a tailor who made suede clothes for Sharon and Roman Polanski, had been up to their house on Cielo Drive with her husband, and she said, "Some weird kind of evil fixation stuff was going on between them and us. My husband was smoking with Sharon, so I never wanted to go back up there again."

We all heard the rumors, of European movie types picking up hitchhikers, tying them up, filtering their whips, sodomy, and strange young girls who'd go along with anything just to be there. Into this vacuum of freedom, an ex-convent named Charlie had wandered and worked out a system where he would be God, a sun, and if that didn't work, then...there was always Plan B.

After the killings, Roman Polanski, who knew a thing or two about weirdness, said, "If I'm looking for a motive, I'd look for something that doesn't fit your habitual standard—something much more far-out."

It took a short time for the police to figure out what had happened (meanwhile, guru's hippie disciples take their



August 6: Charlie Manson in jail.

my morning cookies and coffee when I looked down and saw Ceryling, but I figured giving her a cookie would tip the poem.

As we were learning about Sharon, going out at night in your car became, for women, a scary adventure. Once these pictures of him and his family started appearing on the front pages, hitchhikers could no longer depend on people as they had in the hazy days of free everything.

My friend Sandra Sharpe told me, "One night, I was up in the hills on this winding and deserted road, rounding a bend, when this guy jumped out from behind a bush, wearing a flag. And I just froze. And then two more guys with headbands waving napkins out and yelled at me, and I put my foot on the gas really hard, went around the curve, and drove straight into a movie being filmed. I practically crashed into the buffer!"

The ex-husband had fled in the night. The church had broken, we had heard the screams, and they were ours.

he was staying. He reported the accident to the police the next morning, just after the car had been discovered.

A few days after Kennedy's statement, my boss, Osborn Elliott, told me to send an investigative reporter to Chappaquiddick. I told him that everybody was on vacation. "You need to be an investigative reporter," Elliott pointedly suggested. "Why don't you write your own?"

AS SOON AS I GOT OFF THE PLANE, I knew I wanted to be close anywhere except on that rocky island. The summer had been sunny and chilly and the accident only added to a gloomy atmosphere. I also heard dancing in late on a story, I figured the bonus had been picked clean.

Fortunately, *Newswatch* correspondent Jayne Bromley was at her summer home on the Vineyard and knew the territory. We took the ferry from Edgartown to Chappaquiddick. I saw that a good researcher could own the channel, and I scored one for Kennedy. We then drove from the ferry landing to the party cottage, looked around, then headed to the intersection where Kennedy said he had made a wrong turn. It was there that the first double hit hit.

The pond, now less road to the ferry curved sharply to the left. I had to make a go-around turn to the right to get on the rumpled dirt road leading to the bridge. "This definitely is not the high-

# Chappaquiddick

BY HAL BRUNO

**T**HAT SUMMER, I was the news editor of *Newswatch*, leantured in our coverage of the moon landing. I paid little attention to the first stories coming out of Chappaquiddick, and it wasn't until a week later, when Senator Kennedy went on national TV to tell what happened, that I began to get up to speed.

Kennedy explained that he had gone to a cocktail at a cottage on Chappaquiddick. He said he left to take Mary Jo

Rapchinski to the ferry, that he made a wrong turn onto a road that led to Dyer Bridge and the beach, and that he ran off the edge of the bridge. Kennedy said he was reportedly able to rescue Rapchinski, then returned to the cottage and got two aides, who joined him in another futile attempt. Kennedy then swam back to Martha's Vineyard, where



July 18: Young Senator Kennedy takes a fall.

# The Manson Murders

BY EVE BABITZ

**I** WAS IN THE BATH when the phone rang in the 39th-street duplex where I lived alone in the heart of West Hollywood, surrounded by hipsters, rock stars, dealers, and other who clung to dreams of making it—or at least of never having to return home to Arizona or Seattle or wherever. They lived there and thought that perhaps they might someday be invited to Cielo Drive, to be under the night stars with the peacocks.

way," Joyce understatedly observed as the car bounced in if it were on a waterbed. Clearly a driver had to know he had made a wrong turn.

It was also clear how someone could drive off Dylan Bridge. Barely wide enough for one car and without guardrails, it was angled at a steep upward pitch, as you crossed, you saw sky instead of road. The charming waters below were dark and menacing, and we knew that something terrible had happened there. I felt sad for Mary Jo Kopechne and for Senator Kennedy. I also felt another flash of doubt.

This was not a heavily populated spot; there were several houses near the bridge and along the road. I decided to use the old technique I first learned as a police reporter in Chicago: to write everything mostly in the person said it happened, and see what you get.

That night, Joyce and I retraced Kennedy's route. Turning from the highway onto Dylan Bridge Road was harder

after dark. I had to come to a complete stop. The bridge, too, was harder to negotiate, and for a second I thought we were going over the side. I got out, and while Joyce drove back to the cottage, I repeated Kennedy's 1.2-mile trek. From the moment I left the bridge, when I crossed a beam of light shining from a house only twenty feet away, until I was a block from the cottage and saw a red light gleaming from the roof of the Chappaquiddick Volunteer Post Department, I saw places where Kennedy could have gotten help.

I kept talking to people, including the police chief, Dan-rack Arena. He said he would have expected a woman to cooperate, but Kennedy left after writing a brief statement. Not until Kennedy appeared on television, Arena said, did he hear the details of the event.

The story was headlined A WALK IN CHAPPAQUIDDICK, and it drew a lot of attention. Soon Kennedy looked dead in a personal attack, anti-Kennedy forces used it to support wild theories about what had happened. Both were wrong.

## Woodstock

BY ANNE BEATTS

**A**UGUST 27, 1969, was going to be my wedding day. We'd booked the synagogue and arranged to get the flowers from the previous wedding at half price. Then he broke it off. I'd been engaged twice to the same guy. Once I'd broken it off and once he had. So I guess we were even. Only I didn't feel even. I felt heartbroken, or as we used to say, on a major bummer.

The ad for Woodstock promised "three days of peace and music in the country." You didn't have to be Marshall McLuhan to read the subtext: long-haired, untidy, counter-freedom groovers on the music that was going to stop the war and change the world. It sounded good to me, especially since the alternative was three days of rage and depression in my apartment.

On Friday my friend Susan's estranged wife, Norma, pulled me up in what I remember as a Volkswagen bug. We picked up my friend Charlie and a surprise addition to the party, his last-minute overnight guest, the rock wolf, and headed north from Montreal.

By the time we got to Woodstock, we were half a million cars strong in a sea of mud. The bug had broken down, and the rock wolf had swallowed a bit of something someone had handed her and was experiencing what the Hog Farm's Hugh Romney used to call a "bobo voyage." My friends took one look around and decided they were leaving.

I and I weren't. Because I knew if I left I would miss the history-making rock event of the decade and regret it forever! No. I stayed because no way was I going back to Montreal to face my feelings about getting dumped on my way to the altar.

So I found myself alone in the crowd, with my back-pack and my Chiqua. I was growing to love Sharlene when the news came I made it! I danced with a guy with a mustache. I told him I had a broken heart and couldn't

even think about sex, but was it okay if I showered—alone? He said okay and then tried to climb on with me.

The possibility of rape never occurred to me. I was just angry he hadn't been listening. In those days, "no" almost never meant no. I grabbed my clothes and ran out into the rain. Further down the road, I found an old chicken coop and joined as shivering occupants.

Sunday dawned bright and sunny. I felt strangely peaceful; my rage washed away by the storm. And we were hearing to music in the country if your idea of the country is thousands of half-waked bodies lying in a muddy field dotted with Potem-buns. I literally stumbled across a fuzzy-haired, mouth-running boy from New York City who shared his macadamia and sleeping bag, no strings attached. Together we watched the sun come up as Roger Daltry sang "Johnny, can you hear me?" Then in our macadamia-drenched imaginations, there was no room for the idea that what we were hearing was a famous Broadway show tune.

It was Sunday morning, and I had to get back to work on Monday. So I walked down the rows of tents, found one with a Quebec license plate, and sat on it until the owners came back. Then, the car had a license plate, but nobody as I had a driver's license—just a lot of illegal substances. But somehow we made it over the border without a mishap. I didn't see my Good Samaritan again until the opening night of Bay Rider that fall.

I never did get married. My two-time ex-husband has married—and divorced—since then. I don't know if the same truth-telling attack that caused me to stand ankle-deep in mud and say "I'm not leaving" has made it harder for me to find a life partner. All I know is, I live on Mac Taylor's farm, I felt I was starting on some kind of edge. So I put it off. I chose to go forward alone into the unknown adventure instead of back with my friends to the safe certainties of home. Twenty-five years later, I'm going to Woodstock II. This time, though, I'll get my own motel room. ■



August life: A nearby doctor tends to woes



PRODUCED AND DISTRIBUTED BY MARZOTTO SPA ITALY  
SHOW ROOM NEW YORK 1280 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS SUITE 1437 PHONE (212) 541-8855

REAU BRUNNEL  
NEW YORK City

MCDERMENY  
HONOLULU

BYD JEROME  
CHICAGO

MELWANS  
LAS VEGAS

HALLS  
ENCINO





## What Won't Work

✓*Flexing lefts* Often mistakes of vigorous exercise results in a loss of 0.04 inches a year, less than 0.001 inches a month.



✓*Useless muscle-stimulators* They come in many guises, but they don't stimulate the muscle, do the work.

✓*Inflated shorts, weighted belts, extra socks* Inflated shorts, weighted belts, extra socks, rollers (all motivated by a fallacious concept known as spot reduction, the idea that fat can be reduced from a specific anatomic body part by making it sweat excessively, shake, vibrate, or melt).

## Muscle Power

Here's your three-minute workout of muscle fibers composed of two kinds of filaments: actin and myosin. The myosin is the motor of your motor power. Whether you're working out or just flexing, essentially the same movements occur: the myosin filaments pull the actin filaments along the length of the actin fibers, pulling the entire thing into a ball and a muscle.

Body and power was



which are your endurance muscles, which will fire at a moderate pace for hours on end before fatiguing.

Whether you're born with more fast-twitch and less slow-twitch or vice versa is a genetically determined, and making you do can change that. If you were born with a fifty-fifty distribution, which is average, you were doomed at conception never to make it as a world-class marathoner (50 to 60 percent slow-twitch) or a world-class sprinter (50 to 60 percent fast-twitch).

Different exercises, however, will encourage the growth of different fibers. Endurance training will condition your slow-twitch fibers to be more efficient, strength training will teach your fast-twitch fibers to contract even faster and with better coordination, to use more energy, and to recover more quickly.

## HOW MUSCLES WORK

A good workout program requires some measure of both aerobic (yes, at in aerobic class) and anaerobic conditioning; that is, endurance and strength training.

Any muscle muscular extension is anaerobic, which means that your muscle break down the carbohydrates already stored in them (or a form known as glycogen) and do so without burning oxygen from your bloodstream. The muscle is a compound known as ATP, which releases the energy that your muscles use to contract. This scheme, however, is not only inefficient but leaves behind lactic acid, which then accumulates in your muscles, leaving them burned out after about thirty to forty seconds of vigorous effort. It then takes an hour or more to flush out the lactic acid.

To generate immediate power, your muscles simply burn the ATP already stored in their cells, although this supply lasts only about six seconds. The good news is that it is completely re-stocked within two minutes (which is what, occasionally, you're waiting for between sets when you're lifting weights).

## HEART MATTERS

Any endurance exercise is going to be aerobic, which for our purposes is any physical undertaking that lasts more than fifteen minutes, uses the large muscles of the legs, back, or shoulders, and raises your heart rate above 120 beats per minute. (Most casual activity, according to the experts, will satisfy a more easily met of three requirements.) Under these conditions, your muscles are fueled by oxygen supplied by your cardiovascular system, which circulates with stored carbohydrates and some fat to regenerate the requisite ATP for muscle contraction. This regeneration scheme leaves behind only water, which is metabolized by the cells, and carbon dioxide, which you exhale.

If running clean of pollutants, so to speak, your aerobic system can continue to work undisturbed until you run out of the oxygen stored in or around your muscles. This system had for about twenty miles of running—that point at which marathon runners "hit the wall" (also known as bonking, a term of ambiguous origin).

Prolonged aerobic exercise of any type improves your cardiovascular and respiratory system and trains your aerobic system to be more efficient, funneling more oxygen to your muscles. The other benefit of aerobic exercise is that it burns fat, and it is the only workout regimen that does. At low to moderate efforts, your body will begin to burn apical parts fat and carbohydrates after about twenty minutes. The longer you go, the greater the proportion of fat burned. So, if you want to get rid of excess pounds, you'll have to endure more than twenty minutes of aerobic exercise on a regular basis.

## FITTING THE ZONE

In the last issue, Fitnesz scientists reported that the greatest improvements in fitness come about when you raise your heart rate by 60 percent of the difference between your resting heart rate and your maximum heart rate. Since then, exercise physiologists have put forth a range of supposed limits on "the zone"—that is, the level at which you're exercising anaerobically yet below the anaerobic threshold at which you start to wind. For the sake of simplicity, consider your zone to be between 60 and 90 percent of your maximum heart rate. To calculate it, subtract your age from the number 220 to find your maximum heart rate in beats per minute, then multiply that figure by .6 to find the low end and by .9 for the high. If you're 40, your maximum heart rate is 180—90 = 90. The lower limit of your zone is 54 (90 × .6), the upper limit is 162 (90 × .9).

If you don't care to take your pulse when you exercise, you can wear a heart-rate monitor. A typical model, one that straps around your chest and beams your heart rate to a watch on your wrist, can be bought at most exercise equipment stores for \$250. Or you can rely on the talk test. If the exercise is vigorous but you can still hold a conversation or, better yet, breathe, you're comfortably in your zone. Your goal is to stay in your zone for the twenty to sixty minutes of your workout.

## PART II: HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH?

Consider the coach-potato paradox:

- Number of fitness clubs in America: 10,000-plus.
- Number of members: 60 million.
- Amount Americans spend annually on home fitness equipment: \$1 billion.

And with that, the average weight of young Americans is up ten pounds in the last seven years, and fewer than one in four of us engage in regular physical activity. The rest are either completely sedentary or what the American College of Sports Medicine (ACSM) calls "insufficiently active."

In response to what experts are saying is a national epidemic of sloth, the ACSM has instituted a ten-hour effort to get Americans moving. It even has a catchy title: Exercise Lite. The official recommendation is "thirty minutes or more of moderate-intensity physical activity over the course of most days of the week." Walk two miles briskly every day and you satisfy the minimum adult daily requirements for health, albeit not a hell of a lot more.

Optimal fitness, say published studies, comes with burning a few thousand excess calories a week. A Harvard study concluded that two thousand calories was minimal (if you think you're calorie intake by a handful a day, you'll lose roughly a pound a week).

Fitness experts typically suggest starting at thirty minutes a day of light exercise and working up to a full hour or doing three to five workouts a week, twenty to thirty minutes each—not including five to ten minutes for warming up and another five to ten for cooling down afterward. (Researchers report that athletes who do a slow and easy fifteen-minute run after vigorous exercise recover significantly more quickly than those who go straight to the locker room. A similar effect has been reported from whirlpool baths and after workout massages.)

## YOUR CHOICE OF PAIN

How you choose to fill your allotted exercise time depends less on the assurance of any perfect exercise program than on what it is you can stand doing five days a week for the rest of your life. Half of those who begin exercise programs drop out within a year, and the greater percentage of all exercise machines ever purchased are never used after the first few months. (This is known as the history world's as the Third Theory of Time syndrome.) The reason is that exercise can be, and usually is, excruciatingly boring.

That said, jogging, stair climbing, swimming, cycling, strong (downhill or cross-country), rowing, brake walking, aerobic dance, and racket sports can all be effectively equal in the quantity of the properties of burning and the calories

burned. As with most of life (regardless, not all), the more often you put in, the greater the return. If you prefer running or brisk walking, it doesn't matter whether you run outside or on an indoor track or treadmill. Your aerobic requirements, or maximum oxygen consumption, will be similar whether you're really moving or running on a rotating rubber band. Only at the speeds of cross-country runners does the amount of wind resistance on the treadmill affect the variety of the workout. (Keep in mind it's running shoes, regardless of quality, lose 30 percent of their shock-absorbing ability after five hundred miles, or eight months of running, mizen miles a week.)

## MACHINES THAT WORK

Exercise bikes will provide a good aerobic workout and will strengthen your thighs, knees, and hips, but not your upper body or your gluteus maximus, known in exercise jargon as your butt. Stair machines will give your gluteus maximus a bit (they will do better if you work slowly and don't hold on, i.e., cheat.) Both are

## The Minimal 1,800-Calorie-Per-Week Workout

As suggested by Dr. Timothy White, now president of the ACSM, in *The Wellness Guide to Living Better*.

Weekly	Calories
Brisk walking, 30 minutes (5 work weeks)	900
Swimming, 5 minutes	35
<b>Weekly</b>	
Stair-climbing, 15 minutes at 10 mph	300
<b>Wednesday</b>	
Brisk walking, 30 minutes	900
<b>Thursday</b>	
Stair-climbing, 10 minutes, fast	85
Swimming on machine, 10 minutes	35
Swimming on treadmill, 10 minutes	95
<b>Friday</b>	
Swimming on treadmill, 10 minutes	900
Cycling, 30 minutes	435
<b>Saturday</b>	
Brisk walking, 30 minutes	900
Swimming, 10 minutes	350
Swimming, 10 minutes	400
<b>Weekly</b>	
Brisk walking, 15 minutes	450
Swimming, 10 minutes	350
Swimming and pool work, 30 minutes	135
Walking, 10 minutes	60
<b>Total 5 weeks</b>	<b>1,800 calories</b>

## In a Fixx

So, you're asking yourself, if Jon Fox, the man who made running an American way of life, can do it, why can't you?

Well, one study of men aged 35 to 45 who were in steady-state running showed that the risk of dropping dead while running was 1 in 1,000, and the total



total risk of sudden death was 60 percent less for active men than for their sedentary peers. A Canadian study did think of heart attack during a thirty-minute session of heavy exercise as one in the million.

## Great Moments in Physical Culture



**400 B.C.** The first gymnasium (from the Greek, "to exercise violently") opens. Athletes train with metal javelins, spears and swords.



**A.D. 600:** Saint Isidore advocates a program for shaping up: fasting, calisthenics, and self-flagellation.



**1800:** Friedrich Lueding-Jahn designs the first gym suit—a gray three-quarter length suit with matching trousers. Inspired by liberal views, he is later jailed for six years.

**1844:** George Williams opens the doors of the first YMCA to help who want "to

good for general fitness and burning body fat both have the critical advantage of allowing you to read or watch television while you work out.

The two lines all-around workouts are now and cross-country jogging, because they work your upper body as well and do so with minimal pounding. Exercise physiologists seem to agree that cross-country should be best. The top home machines are made by NordicTrack and can be had for \$400 and up. Once you get the proper coordination down, which can take a handful of shoddy sessions, the feeling that you're truly on skis is sensory.

Rowing has added benefit of not just maintaining, but building upper-body strength. Rowing machines such as the Concept II ergometer, which cost \$700, have a flywheel that gives you the feeling of actually rowing in water. If you're going to use one regularly, get used to calories.

## IF YOU CAN DO IT

Cross training has become the latest exercise regimen fed thanks to the unquenchable need of warriors and the deadly boredom that comes with doing one exercise repeatedly in cross-training, you alternate your routine day by day—run, among running, cycling, and lifting—or break one lengthy activity into three or more shorter ones. Is the gym, for instance, go from the bike to the treadmill to the row machine, to 20 twenty minutes each, with no rest in between. Among other advantages, cross-training decreases the physical stress on muscles and ligaments due to doing one type of workout day after day and, said a sports medicine doctor, improves your overall fitness. Dr. Cross, the conditioning coach for the Philadelphia Flyers and others, suggests that as a general principle, you never do any exercise at the same intensity two days in a row if you want to avoid injury and both physical and psychological burnout. So, cross train, or if you do the same exercise, do it hard one day, easy the next.

## PART III: PUMPING UP YOUR VOLUME

**W**eight lifting, or resistance training, once the purview of football geeks and bodybuilders, is now recommended as an integral part of any fitness program. Research has shown that it increases not only muscle strength but also bone mass, which will help you avoid osteoporosis. And many athletes, injured runners' knees, for instance—are caused by muscle weakness and joint instability,

which weight training can offset.

So, what happens physiologically when you lift weights? At first, your muscle fibers simply expand into the space around them, without any apparent increase in overall muscle size. Once that extracellular space is taken, the muscles will visibly grow. Weight training also teaches the motor nerves of the muscle to fire in unison, which will increase muscle fibers in the task at hand and can result in 30 percent greater strength on top of any added muscle.

One of the saddest facts of weight training is that it quickly leads to noticeable muscle. Your upper body is not a prime storage area for fat, so muscles can be visibly inspiring. Even if you've never lifted in your life, you can increase muscle mass by 50 percent in a year without, shall we say, pharmaceutical assistance.

And so, when (or if) you stop lifting, your muscles will not turn to fat. The two have nothing in common, other than enlarging the same body. Stop lifting and your muscles will simply get smaller, reverting to its matter of weeks if you maintain the same diet, however, the nonpharmaceutical gains will be washed away, negatively at first.

## WORKING MACHINES

Ever since Arthur Jones marketed his first Nautilus machine in 1969, gym suits have argued over the merits of free weights versus resistance machines. Resistance machines have always looked down on the latter as unsuitable for real men. Indeed, weights will develop better muscle symmetry and strengthen joints, which machines will not do. And pumping free weights has a compelling advantage: life imitating a barbell.

That said, the word "bouncing" array of variable-resistance machines you'll find in health clubs—such as Cybex, Nautilus, and LifeCycle machines—which are computer-controlled—are designed to work your muscles in their maximum range throughout their entire range of motion. Machines are the way to go if you want a potent remedy to three-minute workouts, or if you feel compelled to bombard your muscles

## Stretching

So, it's worth it before, but we'll say it again: You should stretch before and after every workout. Stretching only makes that time first best warmed up, and stretches every muscle group you intend to use during your workout. The optimal stretch is 10 percent beyond its normal extension, which is at the point



of tightness and some discomfort but not full pain sets in. Hold the stretch for ten to thirty seconds and repeat three to five times. Breathe slowly and systematically. Never bounce.

**The Basic End-of-Workout Stretch**

1. Lie flat on your back, bring your knees up to your chest, and hold them there for ten seconds.

2. Lie flat on your side, lift one knee up, slowly across it over your other leg, and try to touch it to the ground. There is the other side. Be sure to keep your shoulders flat.

3. Sit legs-apart, with the soles of your feet pressed together in front of you, your knees out to the sides. Slowly press down on your knees to flatten them.

4. Sit with your legs straight, separated as far as they'll go. Slowly with your hands draw one leg up as far as you can.

5. Do the other leg. Bring your legs together and repeat.

6. Sitting with your legs out straight, put your hands behind you and slide them backward as you lean back. Try to flatten your body out as far as it will go.

with a variety of overload techniques but don't have a partner to help with the machines.

If you're thinking of buying equipment to lift at home, most of the gym on the market for less than \$1,000 seems destined to end up as glorified clothes racks. A nice set of dumbbells, or a weight bar and a set of weights, will cost significantly less. In all the stores, and build machines just as well, if not better.

## THE PROGRAM (OR, AT LEAST, A PROGRAM)

While any weight program should work all the major muscle groups, it should vary according to your objectives. If your goal is serious strength training, use weights that are so heavy you can do no more than two to six repetitions. Do three to six sets of each exercise at slow to medium speed. Rest for up to five minutes between sets.

For muscle endurance, use weights you can lift at least fifteen times and do two or three sets of fifteen to thirty repetitions at medium speed. Rest no more than thirty seconds between sets. For a lean body with muscular definition, use weights to bring weights to the point you can do eight to twelve repetitions at medium speed. Do three sets, resting for one to two minutes after each.

When doing multiple sets of the same exercise, begin with a lighter weight and then add, say, ten pounds with each following set. Work to total failure if possible—your last repetition should be the last one you can possibly do. Then do one more.

If you're using machines, concentrate on the muscle being worked, keeping the rest of your body relaxed. Don't grip the handles tightly. Work smoothly and deliberately. Don't twist or corner your body. Try to lower the weight at a slower rate than you lift them. Ideally two seconds lifting, four seconds lowering.

Beginners should lift three times a week, resting for forty-eight hours between workouts to give the muscles time to recuperate. After gaining experience, you can add a fourth or fifth day, provided you decrease muscle groups so you're not working the same muscles two days in a row.

## RULES TO LIVE BY

► Modern men push, they only pull. Despite, for instance, pull your forearm up, muscles pull it down. Always work opposite muscle groups, preferably in succession—biceps, then triceps, for instance, quadriceps (high muscles), then hamstrings, in centers.

► Warm up first. Do five to ten minutes on a bike or a treadmill to get blood flowing and muscles warm. Then lift.

► Start with the larger muscle groups. Work from your largest muscles to your smallest—i.e., legs, then chest, shoulders, back, and arms.

► Never hold your breath. Breathe during the lifting phase, inhale while lowering the weight.

► Go with the grain. With both machines and weights, take the weight through the full extension of the muscle, both coming and going.

## BUILDING AN MAP OF LIFE

The only way to increase the size, strength, and endurance of your muscles is to overload them, i.e., place them under extreme stress and work them to total failure. Over the years, serious weightlifters have developed a luxury of accurately painful routines that lead to the ultimate failure goal. Here are a few.

**Forward reps:** Using a heavier weight than you can normally lift. Use just one repetition to help you with the sticking point in the lift. Bouncing. A routine in which you discontinue an exercise without completing a single rep with a variety of exercises, working to three different angles.

**The exhaustion:** Work a muscle to exhaustion in one exercise, then go immediately to a compound exercise aimed at the same muscle. For example, do bicep curls, then move immediately to narrow-grip chin-ups.

had a mental and upright life through group meetings."

**1900:** Venice, California, is founded by Lloyd Krasny, a descendant from New York.

**1900:** Benito Mussolini leads the first American bodybuilding contest. The title is the "Venusian" to improve their "virility."



**1900:** Angelo Sirlano, aka Charles Atlas, leads off the twenty-eight-point workout.

**1900:** Arnold Schwarzenegger is given medals to increase appreciation, the first use of the drugs as a performance enhancer.

**1900:** Arnold Schwarzenegger is granted a visa to enter the United States.



**1900:** John J. Farnham, engineer, leads the first group of men to use machines with training steps.

**1900:** John J. Farnham leads the first group of men to use machines with training steps.

**1900:** John J. Farnham leads the first group of men to use machines with training steps.

**1900:** John J. Farnham leads the first group of men to use machines with training steps.

## Now About Those Steely Abs

Your abdominals, better known as your stomach muscles, can not only make you look in shape when you're not but provide the stabilization and power for virtually every type of exercise and sporting activity. They transfer force from the upper body to the lower, and the rectus abdominis—the washboard when flexed—is the prime mover of your spinal column. The stronger your abdominals, the leaner and more athletic you are.

Ab should be worked on every session. But forget your old R.E. classes and bag the sit-up, which has long since vanished from the repertoire of exercise physiologists. It's been replaced by the crunch, which provides a better abdominal workout with less stress on your hips and back. (Ignore the ineffectual sit-up boards as well. Even if you look



your lower abs are the ones you're pulling with your calves and hamstrings, which are doing most of the work you should be doing.)

## The Classic Crunch

Lie on your back, knees bent, hands behind your head. Bounce completely flat. Allow complete contact on pressing your neck down into the floor. This will substantially ease your neck up off the floor. Your trunk should come up only about halfway, and it should pop up at all your arched pelvis down, the crunch is working.

## The Head Bunker

Shout for five sets of tenacity with thirty seconds rest between sets. As your abdominals get stronger, which will happen quickly and without hardship.



right side



but by concentrating on raising your left shoulder off the floor as fast as it can go. Then do the same on the right side.

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

right side

1. Do twenty more straight with your knees up, which causes your thighs are vertical, your knees are bent and your feet are off the floor.

2. Do twenty more of you can still move with your legs straight, pointing up, and crossed at the ankles.

3. You might do the last twenty with a lying-down motion, keeping your left knee toward your right shoulder, then your left shoulder toward your right knee.

Pyramid training. For each exercise, you increase weight with each successive repetition. Start at a weight with which you can do twenty repetitions, then add ten pounds, do fifteen reps, add ten pounds, do ten reps, add ten more, do four reps. Then subtract ten pounds and go until failure, and subtract ten more and go until failure.

Twigs design. Use a weight so heavy that you can do no more than four reps. Then drop the weight to percent and do as many as possible. Then drop another ten percent and again do as many as possible.

## PLATEAU BLUES

Aside from sweat, blisters, and dirty workout attire, exercising regularly comes with an insidious enemy. You're lifting frantically and sweating for hours on end, but you've ceased to notice improvement. Welcome to the plateau. You have three nonpharmaceutical options:

- Find a new exercise. Switch from running to, say, boxing, or from swimming to running.
- If you're not sure, start.
- Do interval training, in which you alternately overload your muscles for short periods of time, then rest while your muscles and cardiovascular system recover, then do it again. Interval training will discipline your fast-twitch glycolytic muscle fibers, which normally run anaerobically, to use oxygen and improve their aerobic capacity. The result will be increased aerobic efficiency and a higher anaerobic threshold, which means you'll be able to work out more intensely without getting winded.

The key is alternating between rest and serious effort. For instance, on a stationary bike, pedal as fast as you can for thirty seconds, then pedal slowly for another thirty. Repeat the pattern five times. (Many exercise bikes with computerized controls have interval training programs built in, although they tend to be less sensitive than you might want.) As you get accustomed to interval training, increase the length of the intervals by thirty seconds a week. Your rest time between intervals should be between thirty seconds and a minute, depending on how long it takes your heart rate to drop below its peak a minute.

## THE BAD NEWS

Take a rest two weeks off from working out and you'll lose a significant portion of what you've gained. After one to three months of inactivity, you'll lose 50 percent, and by seven months, it will be gone, so the experts say. On the other hand, if you stay your workouts

# free

## music video magazine

STORIES & SONGS BELOW

nothing more to buy ever!

10 HOT NEW MUSIC VIDEOS  
EVERY MONTH

GUARANTEED LOW PRICE

ONLY \$3.98 A MONTH  
+ shipping & handling

SPECIAL VIDEOS  
UP TO FOUR TIMES A YEAR  
at a low price

EXCLUSIVE EXCLUSIVE VIDEOS  
FOR CD'S AND CASSETTES  
WORTH UP TO \$20  
EVERY MONTH

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED  
NO OBLIGATION TO BUY  
cancel any time

RAP  
POP  
COUNTRY



PLUS A CHANCE TO GET  
4 FREE CD'S  
EVERY YEAR  
GETTING FREE CD'S FROM  
TREK'S VIDEO MAGAZINE  
IN SHIPPING AND HANDLING CHARGE  
NEW! BY ADDING \$1.00 TO PRICE

america's hottest new music magazine



HEAVY METAL  
ALTERNATIVE ROCK

more coupon information 1-800-974-1600 dept. R7U

## rock video monthly

Yes! Send me one FREE copy of this magazine plus my FREE Rock Video Monthly tape (valuing me the just shipping and handling). Thereafter, each month I'll get the same issue of Rock magazine plus a new Rock Video Monthly tape (a Country magazine and Country Video Monthly tape I'd like to receive) for the guaranteed low price of just \$3.98 plus shipping and handling. I may also receive up to four issues a year, special video packages at the same low price plus shipping and handling. I have no obligation to buy anything more and I can cancel anytime I want.

Send me hard and floppy music videos from this category (check only one)

- ☐ POP  
series like: Ace of Base, George Michael, Teal Swinton
- ☐ ALTERNATIVE ROCK  
series like: Blind Melon, Counting Crows, Stone Temple Pilots
- ☐ HEAVY METAL  
series like: Aerosmith, Deep Throat, Pantera
- ☐ RAP  
series like: A Tribe Called Quest, Sade-N-Peggy, Wu-Tang Clan
- ☐ COUNTRY  
series like: Alan Jackson, Dolly Parton, Clint Black

My Monthly Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

How you brought something by mail to the best ☐ 4 months ☐ 1 year ☐ never  
Do you have a credit card? ☐ Yes ☐ No  
Do you usually pay your bills with ☐ CC ☐ Cash  
We reserve the right to add the above information to our records for marketing purposes  
We will not sell your name or address to any other company without your written permission  
We will not sell your name or address to any other company without your written permission

# free music video magazine

10 HOT NEW MUSIC VIDEOS  
EVERY MONTH

GUARANTEED LOW PRICE  
ONLY \$3.99 A MONTH  
+ shipping & handling

SPECIAL VIDEOS  
UP TO FOUR TIMES A YEAR  
some free price

DISCOUNT CERTIFICATES  
FOR CD'S AND CASSETTES  
WORTH UP TO \$20  
EVERY MONTH

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED  
NO OBLIGATION, SO BUY  
cancel any time



The Greatest Music Video  
Offer Ever!

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL  
FIRST CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 82 TAMPA FL  
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

rock video monthly  
P.O. Box 61096  
Tampa, FL 3361-1096

nothing more to buy ever!

POP ORIGINALE IN ALGERIA



— America's hottest new music magazine

EXCLUSIVE MAGAZINES

Each magazine features over 75 pages of  
entire interviews, in-depth articles and  
exciting photographs of the artists. And  
only music + pop reviews and ratings of  
more than 100 new album releases.

And if you select country, New Country  
Magazine gives you an exclusive look into  
the world of country music - the Magal  
then and behind-the-scenes - plus reviews  
and ratings of more than 100 new albums.

NO POSTAGE  
NECESSARY IF  
MAILED IN THE  
UNITED STATES



POP  
RAP  
ALTERNATIVE ROCK  
HEAVY METAL  
COUNTRY

NEW COUNTRY



© 1994 Esquire

W O R K I N G O U T

back to only twice a week or cut your training  
time to as little as fifteen minutes a day, you  
can retain the same level of fitness, provided  
you don't reduce the intensity of your work-  
out at all.

## PART IV: MAINTENANCE

**I**DEALLY YOU SHOULD EAT three hours prior  
to your workout, giving yourself time to  
digest but not so much time that you'll be  
hungry. Eat mostly carbohydrates with a mea-  
surement of fat, which takes up to six hours to di-  
gest (which is why you feel satiated after a meal  
with a high fat content, less so after one with  
only). Stay away from sugar in the hour before  
working out. It will cause your blood-sugar  
levels to spike, and you'll crash by the time you  
start your workout.

Your postworkout meal has to restore the  
carbohydrates that your muscles used as fuel.  
Nutritionists recommend eating a gram of car-  
bohydrates per pound of body weight within  
four hours of working out. Look for order-  
lyness that raise blood-sugar levels quickly:  
cinnamon and orange juice, bananas, sugar,  
bagels, cereals, oatmeal, grapes, oranges,  
pasta, baked potatoes, rice, and bread.

### DON'T TAKE A POWER

If you're thinking about boosting your perfor-  
mance with amino-acid and protein powders,  
save your money. They're hyped as a natural  
alternative to anabolic-pump building blocks  
but will destructively destroy proteins and  
thus increase muscle mass. The logic is akin to  
putting steel in your car's gas tank because  
that's what the engine is made of. The scientific  
verdict is that they're useless but a great racket.  
The reality is that the recommended daily adult  
protein requirements are more than liberal  
even for most athletes, and most Americans  
take in twice as much protein as the RDA. The  
excess calories are stored (fat calories) as fat.  
What's more, a couple of useless chicken  
tenders or a can of water-packed tuna will sup-  
ply the same protein in far fewer pounds of your  
average protein powder.

### KEEP A TIGHT TANK

You can lose two to three quarts of sweat an  
hour during workouts, seriously impairing both  
your endurance and your thermoregulation if  
that liquid is not replaced. (The fact that you're  
sweating buckets does not mean you're out of  
shape, but rather that your body is efficiently  
cooling itself.) The ideal energy drink is water  
with a 30 to 40 percent sugar. If you're partial to

soda or fruit juices, water them down, because  
they contain more than the recommended 10  
percent sugar. Gatorade and its many imitators  
profess to replace carbohydrates and replenish  
electrolytes—potassium and sodium—lost dur-  
ing sweating. This they'll do, but second-down  
orange juice and a banana will do as well, and  
provide more potassium.

### PROFESSIONAL HELP

Joining a health club can cost anywhere from a  
few hundred to more than a thousand dollars  
a year, depending on the club's size factor. A  
good club will have a well-trained professional  
staff that can get you started and check your  
heart, blood pressure, and such other fitness  
measures as percentage of body fat and aerobic  
capacity. Clubs will also have trainers to take  
you through your initial workouts and be avail-  
able for bare on an hourly basis—the usual rate  
is \$10 to \$20—until you feel sufficiently ac-  
customed to go it alone.

For one pay considerably more for a trainer.  
Jackson Semis in Los Angeles charges \$20  
hourly to do what he's famous for, which is  
make well-known actors look like Olympic  
athletes in the six weeks before shooting starts.  
In New York, you can pay a hundred dollars  
an hour for personal sessions with Ronda, to  
whom Cindy Crawford owes her rather in-  
tense aerobic training (even if she does  
bounce when she stretches). Either way, the  
ACSM certifies professional trainers, and re-  
putable trainers will be so licensed. Finding a  
trainer with a degree in exercise physiology is  
not a bad idea, either.

### THE COMPUTERIZER THOUGHT

It was inevitable. The next few months should  
introduce to gyms the exercise equivalent of an  
automated teller machine—in this case, the com-  
puterized trainer. Beth Life Fitness, maker of the  
LifeCycle, and the Step Company, maker of the  
plastic step used in step aerobics, have un-  
veiled an ATM-style computer kiosk that will  
provide customized workout programs  
based on data about your lifestyle, dietary  
habits, and physiology.

When you come for your workout, you  
punch in your code number or swipe through  
your identification card and you'll be given  
your program for the day. At the end of the  
workout, you'll receive a printer telling you  
how many calories you did, the number of  
calories burned, and your range of motion.  
The good news: If the computer decides you're  
not allowing enough time to recover, you'll  
suggested you big it and take the day off.



## The Joy of Endorphins

The secret way to make a  
habit of working out is to  
become addicted to it. In the  
mid-1970s, researchers  
discovered the existence of  
mood-altering, naturally  
occurring brain substances  
known as opioid peptides.  
In one particular, beta-  
endorphins, are known to  
increase with exercise by as  
much as 500 percent in  
blood serum and probably  
even in the brain itself.

These substances trigger the  
runner's high, also endorphin  
rush, characterized by  
feelings of euphoria and  
exhilaration. Researchers  
have also linked endorphins  
associated with an increased  
ability to tolerate pain,  
control appetite, and reduce  
anxiety and anxiety.  
Conversely, the more intense  
the workout—sprinting, for  
example—the greater the  
secretion of endorphins.

Theory has it that  
habitual members become  
more sensitive to the effects  
of endorphins, so any exercise  
produces some effect, and the  
chemicals last longer in the  
bloodstream of those who  
train regularly. In addition  
to endorphins may also  
explain the classic symptoms  
of exercise withdrawal:  
tension, guilt, irritability,  
anxiety, and frustration.

MAURICE VELLESP

AUGUST 1994 / ESQUIRE 87

ELLESE  
SPOKES-ASTRONAUT  
BUZZ ALDRIN  
UNCOMMON.  
UNPARALLELED.  
UNLIKE THE REST.

unconventional

## HE TOOK US TO

His historic conquest of the Moon behind him, no one would have blamed Buzz Aldrin for resting on his accomplishments. But now, 25 years

## THE MOON. NOW

after that historic Moon walk, Buzz Aldrin is still flying high. With the same fervor that President Kennedy displayed in getting the United States

## HE WANTS TO

take human orbit, Buzz Aldrin is planning a course for Mars. No, he won't actually go on the launching pad this time. "But if we do get to the

## CONQUER MARS.

red planet, Buzz Aldrin's ideas and energy may indeed be the rocket fuel. In 1969, Buzz invented "The Mars Cyclone," a spacecraft system which may make perpetual flights between Earth and Mars a reality. And just last year he received a patent for the permanent space station he designed. Another Ellese Spokes-Astronaut, we salute the continued achievements of a man who is Uncommon, Unparalleled, And Unlike the Rest. Like the Ellese shoes and apparel he wears, he continues to reach for the stars and beyond. And that kind of dedication comes along once in a blue Moon.

unparalleled  
unlike the rest  
ellesse

Ellese Inc., 7000 Polaris Park Rd., Boca Raton, FL 33433



This month:  
Umberto Eco  
Elizabeth Wurtzel  
Edward Abbey  
William S. Burroughs

# How to Recognize a Porn Movie

BY UMBERTO ECO

**I** DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE EVER happened to see a pornographic movie. I don't mean a movie with some erotic content, a movie like *Las Vegas is Back*, for example, though even that, I believe, for many people might be offensive. No, what I mean is genuine porno flicks, whose true and sole aim is to stimulate the spectator's desire, from beginning to end, and in such a way that while this desire is stimulated by scenes of various and varied copulations, the rest of the story counts for less than nothing.

Magazines are often required to decide whether a film is purely pornographic or has artistic value. I am not one of those who insist that artistic value means everything; sometimes works of art have been more dangerous—to look, as behavior, to current opinion—than works of lesser value. But I believe that censoring adults have the right to consume

pornographic material, at least for want of anything better. I recognize, however, that on occasion a court must decide whether a film has been produced for the purpose of representing certain concepts or aesthetic ideas (even through scenes that offend the scripted moral view) or whether it was made for the sole purpose of arousing the spectator's interests.

Well, there is a criterion for deciding whether a film is pornographic, and it is based on the calculation of wasted time. A great, unusual film masterpiece, Sogno di una notte di pancia, placed solely and entirely (except for the beginning, a few brief intervals, and the finale) on a stagecoach that without this journey, the film would have no meaning. *Amore e guerra* is made up solely of wasted time. People come and go, talk, get lost, and are found, without anything happening. This wasted time may or may not be enjoyable, but it is exactly what the film is about.

A pornographic movie, on the contrary, to justify the price of the ticket or the purchase of the camera, tells us

Novelist, philosopher, historian, literary critic, and aesthetician, Umberto Eco has finally decided to tackle some of modern life's more profound issues—such as how to talk about religion, how to be a TV host, how to eat in light, and how not to use a fax machine. His astute essays on these and similar subjects will be included in the aptly titled *How to Travel with a Suitcase*, out this autumn from Harcourt Brace. Born in 1912 in Alexandria, Italy, Eco lives in Milan. He is the author of *The Name of the Rose* and *Foucault's Pendulum*.



that contain people couple actually—men with women, men with men, women with women, women with dogs or alliums (I might point out that there are no pornography films in which men couple with staves and briches. Why not?) And that would still be all right, but it is a full of wanted time.

If Gilbert, in order to rape Gilberna, has to go from Lincoln Center to Sheridan Square, the film shows you Gilbert, in his car, throughout the whole journey, stoplight by stoplight.

Pornographic movies are full of people who climb into cars and drive for miles and miles, couples who waste incredible amounts of time signing in at hotel desks, gentlemen who spend many minutes in closets before reaching their rooms, girls who sip various drinks and who fiddle intemperately with faces and bodies before confusing ineptly that they prefer Sappho to Don Juan. To put a simply, crudely, in their names, before you can see a healthy screw, you have to put up with a documentary that could be sponsored by the Traffic Department.

There are obvious reasons. A movie in which Gilbert did

nothing but rape Gilberna, front, back, and sideways, would be indecent. Physically, for the actors, and economically for the producer. And it would also be psychologically undesirable for the spectator. For transgression to work, it must be played out against a background of normality. To depict normality is one of the most difficult things for any artist—whereas portraying deviance, crime, rape, torture, is very easy.

Therefore, the pornographic movie must present normality—intended if the transgression is to have interest—to the way that every spectator recognizes it. Therefore, if Gilbert has to take the bus and go from A to B, we will see Gilbert taking the bus and then the bus proceeding from A to B. This often irritates the spectator, because they think they would like the unpleasant scenes to be continuous. But this is an illusion on their part. They couldn't have a full hour and a half of unspeakable scenes. So the passages of wondrous time are essential.

I repeat. Go into a movie theater. If, to go from A to B, the characters take longer than you would like, then the film you are seeing is pornographic. ■

# How to Lose It

BY ELIZABETH WURTZEL

**I**F YOU WEREN'T CONFUSING ENOUGH, drugs added the situation even more. Today I had not yet been scheduled by the DEA in any of the agency's slick categories, so the little white capsules that looked like vitamins supplements and felt like a retrograde love-bomb going off in your cerebral cortex were still perfectly legal during my freshman year. I didn't like pot, I didn't like cocaine, I didn't like drinking—though I seemed to do all of them anyway—but ecstasy was never asked for me. On an X trip, I got to be away from myself for a little while.

Until a got out of hand. We started to do so much of it so often that around sixteen people began to refer to me, Ruby, and our other pal, Jordan, as the ecstasy goddesses. We walked up to people as punks whom we didn't know and told them how much we loved them. On ecstasy we were best friends with everybody, so no longer felt the class distinctions that were all over Harvard, we no longer thought

that we were poor and ugly. We could escape the wide gulf of circumstance that separated the three of us—our over-worked, overpaid single mothers, with our scholarships and modest loans—from the boys we seemed to keep hooking up with, the ones with last names like Cabot and Tansell and Greenough and Nobles. All of them seemed to have gone to Andover and Hotchkiss and were at Harvard as legacies, as “development cases”—the code phrase the admissions office used for the children of major-money donors—all of them suburban students who the school wanted close to a year off before enrolling. Why all of us—we came, urban Jewish girls who worked as waitresses and typists to earn massive money—chose to take up with these guys for whom Chiffi Norel was presented to be inferior me. But we did. It was pretty obvious that they just hung with us because they wanted a break from all the blarney who played field hockey and had names like Libby; the girls they'd known forever from summer at Muncie or NOLS' courses or prep school. But why we allowed ourselves

to be swayed by their money and their cocaine is still a mystery. Maybe I thought it was part of the Harvard experience.

**T**HREE DAYS BEFORE WINTER break, I realized I was bored out of my mind when I woke up in Noah's bedroom on a Sunday after an ecstasy trip the night before. Noah is the best to a bonding fortune, an Andover boy from Philadelphia's Main Line who is such a best friend when Harvard told him he had to take time off before enrolling as a freshman, he actually hired a consultant to plan the year for him. He does so much color that I have started to wonder how he will look with a third normal. I don't really like him much, but for some reason I will do anything to get him to like me, an impossible call because he just doesn't. I keep thinking that if I could only lose Noah's love, I would finally feel as if I've actually arrived at Harvard, appended myself to someone so integral to the place that the middle-class in my head would stop exploding in my last.

So here I am, lying nearly asleep on the carpet in the common room of his suite, my head pilowed by a puddle of beer. Noah is next to me on the floor, so we're wrapped in each other the way dead, hunched flowers start wilting together after a week in a vase. In my paroled unconscious, I can just barely survey the debris of last night's mess. Since everyone smokes and chews gum with ecstasy, there are ashes and little sticky pink blobs attached to the coffee table and the floor, because everyone likes to spit on ecstasy when in fact they are comically clumsy, there are spilled bottles and empty plastic cups. There are mounds of clothing everywhere, mostly mine. But I can't see a clock through the blur of my disoriented content lenses, which I should have taken out hours before, and I need to know what time it is because my grandparents are supposed to visit and I've got to meet them at my room sometime before noon. When I first came on my watch, I can see that it's past two, so me, that they have probably come and gone, and that, besides, I've got a paper due tomorrow that I haven't even thought about yet, I find a panic come over me that doesn't quite erupt because the residual effect of the ecstasy prevents it. But somewhere deep down inside, under all the anesthesia, I know I have really fucked up big time. I know that nothing is as it should be, nothing is even the way I wish it would be. I've slept through my grandparents' visit, I might as well sleep through the rest of my life, and I am so horrified that I let out the loudest scream I've ever made.

Noah pops up, flustered out of how disoriented I am, tries to tell me that my people will thank I'm being raped or murdered, but I can't stop screaming. He's panicked, he's sweating hell never got mind up with me, he's looking at me like Tim Tams or a dwarf about that's just outside his window and way beyond his control, and he's just praying that the damage will be minimal. I keep screaming. Being a victim preppy money, Noah is so used to acid tripping out in the middle of Grateful Dead shows that he knows how to cope, knows how to get into an adrenaline-induced delirium mode. He puts on his clothes, manages to get me into my clothes, covers my mouth with his hand as he pulls me up and walks me out the door and over to the emergency room at University Health Services, me screaming all the way all the way through the third and the snow and the freezing cold.

Noah leaves me there, leaves me with a nurse who shuffles me into an examining room. The nurse calls the psychiatrist on duty. She won't let me leave, even though I keep saying, I've got to see my grandparents; they're waiting for me, we have to go home, they're eighty years old, they drove up here from New York this morning. The nurse explains that it's too late anyway that it's 5:30 in the evening. But I just keep saying, I've got to find my grandparents.

They ask me if I've done any drugs in the last twenty-four hours, and I say no. Then I say I guess I smoked some pot and smoked some coke, but that was just to make the ecstasy last longer. I also admit to them that I had some liquor, maybe a couple of six bottles somewhere in there, too. And then the doctor asks if I have a substance-abuse problem and all I can do is laugh. I laugh really hard and really loud, a howling-type laugh because what I'm thinking is how nice it would be if my problem were drugs. If my problem were my whole damn life and how little relief from it even drug provided. I keep laughing on and on, like a nut, and the doctor again to give me some Valium and keeps me half gone on the adjustable examining table until I calm down. Maybe an hour goes by. In that hour, maybe some of the Valium filters my hysteria into a mere lack of effect, and after many other times that I will be just fine, really I will, the doctor sends me on my way telling me to go see some real winter vacation.

When I get back to my room, there are eight messages from my grandparents, calling from various points in Cambridge, the first one saying that they're leaving. My father, who says they used to call me all morning at Noah's but there was no answer, looks at me like I'm a really bad person. But I keep saying, Maybe you should take me to see Jennifer seas. What's wrong with Jennifer? Everyone got my messages, but how can you do that to your grandparents—they're like little people, they were so small! And I can do it so you can see my room and crowd into bed.

When I wake up after a Valium sleep that makes me think I'm naming into a creep like any day, I call my political-philosophy seminar leader and tell him that I can't be here in the essay that's due tomorrow on time because I skipped on the ice and had a concussion. The girl who never once submitted a paper or an article a day late, the girl who lived for the small amount of structure that deadlines provide, seems to have decided that all that good stuff just doesn't matter anymore. That's a game. She is going home for winter break and never coming back.

**T**HEN I THINK it, there was never any pleasure, no discussion of purging, in any of the drug use and abuse I was involved with. It was all so pathetic, so sad, so pathetic. I was losing myself with whatever available medication I could find, doing whatever I could to put me back to that off for a while. Maybe for Noah, who was pretty much a happy-go-lucky child of a happy home, color and ecstasy were all about being party-hard—I can remember him silly delight as he taught me how to do a bong hit, how to snort a line of cocaine without blowing the rest of the staff off the mirror like in that scene in *Ames Hall*—but for me it was all just desperation. It wasn't just recreational drug use—I would find myself whenever I was in anyone's home, going through the medicine cabinets, sniffing whatever Xanax or Alprazolam I could

Elizabeth Wurtzel has the somewhat odd distinction of being among the first of the more than six million people who have been prescribed the antidepressant Prozac since it was introduced in 1989. Although it may well have saved her life, her feelings about Prozac—and other psychotropic drugs—are ambivalent. “I want out of this life on drugs,” Wurtzel writes in her forthcoming memoir, *Prozac Nation*, a generally harrowing though often very accurate of her ordeals up to her present age of twenty-six. Formerly the pop-culture critic for *The New Yorker* and *New York*, Wurtzel lives in Manhattan.



find, hoping to score the prescription narcotics like Percodan and codeine, usually prescribed following wisdom-tooth extractions or some other form of surgery. On Percodan, which is nothing less than an industrial-strength painkiller, I felt almost no pain. I would board those little tablets, use them up for a big pain emergency, and take them until nothing much mattered anymore.

Basically, drugs were no solution to any of my problems. I was a bluen with a pain in my hand, so I kept at chemical self-destruction that I was often reminded of the story about Spenser trying to kill himself by drowning his failing heart but first got stuck to the dock. My God, how much I wanted just to be sane and calm on my own! I would have loved nothing better than to see my grandparents, to take them around Cambridge. I would have loved to take them to one of the calls where I spent long, lazy hours reading and gossiping and drinking double espresso to stay awake. I would have loved to show them that I was all right after all, that their kinematic little grandchild who always seemed so bookish and morose had finally turned out okay.

During my senior year of high school, my first cousin—one of their other grandchildren—had married a Will Street tycoon, had celebrated with a huge wedding at Swindon on the "Wife," and had made the whole family as damn good by making out a good match. I knew I would never do anything like that. I knew I was attracted mostly to

hopeless bachelors and other lost souls like me, but I wanted my grandparents to be impressed with the things I could do. I could write, I could study, I could get into Harvard. I looked forward to that visit with about the same amount of glee that a former fat girl who has slimmed into a glamorous woman looks forward to her twelve-year high school reunion. Not that I could have come to breakfast with us—no loss in my family, he would have—and even though he was Jewish, he was a charming Pennsylvania Diner (his sisters had made their money debut on all over the Northeast) and my grandparents would have had back home to Long Island thinking what a winning college success I had been.

Instead, they were just worried, scared stiff, wondering what the hell had happened to this youngest grandchild, the one who used to come to their house every weekend and on every occasion when she was little because her mother worked and her father slept and there was no one to take care of her. They had practically raised me, and now they were wondering what had gone wrong. There was no way I could possibly explain to them that I was suffering from an acute depression, that I was so remote that even when I wanted to get out of my own head and attend to other people's needs—as I had so much wanted to do that day (I couldn't)—I was consumed by depression and by the drugs I took to numb it, so there was nothing left of me, no remainder of the self that could please them even for a few hours. I was useless to

anyone of the human female—and all are indicators of reproductive fitness. Men "fall in love," as we say, with this or that pretty girl and pay great tribute to her appearance while lying siege to her chastity. But whose damn men on and in (and for this purpose any good-looking female will do) is the hidden cancer buried in her genetic makeup—her promise of bearing good children. That is what nature is concerned with, and that is the only thing nature is concerned with.

A "pleasant" or "sexy" woman, on the other hand, is one whose appearance reveals that she would probably not produce sound children—that based on nature's insensitive and correct assumption that the offspring will tend to resemble the parent. For example, the woman is too fat or fit or fat and complemented (indicative of poor health), or trim, or she is too old, past the ideal childbearing age, that revealed in those symptoms opposed to "beauty" would lead, last-not least, dull or watery eyes, a lumpy or run-down body, sagging breasts, wide and sloppy buttocks, or creases.

And thus we see the pathetic spectacle, in all cultures where aging is not accepted, of women trying desperately to preserve her youth (for in that it her career)—and failing—in an attempt to decrease by imitating with artificial aids the condition of the female young. She dyes her hair, she plucks, she tans, she stretches her skin, she caps her teeth, she declares her eyelids to make her eyes seem brighter, she exercises, she milks or implants with foreign objects her old, worn-out, and useless breasts—a tragic and futile communion with the relentless, irreversible, unresolvable process of biology, of aging, of that which we call, simply, time.

Men realize are aware of, or indifferent to, the tragedy of women and ignorance of the real nature of that blind but purposeful law that endless time, drives them on in the eternal pursuit, and makes them therefore as pathetic—subplots themselves—in the spring women whom they neglect or abuse.

Furthermore, men, too, are subject to similar criteria of

beauty, subject to the same process of flowering and decay, with, however, very important differences in degree. Since the germ plasma of the male is largely independent of his age and health, hermetically sealed, his reproductive value is therefore not so identical with youth and health, and he craves a much longer sexual career than the woman, whose fertility is so wholly involved in her anatomy.

Men enjoy a sexual great advantage at midlife. Since he dominates the world, controls its power and wealth, he is also able to dominate, control, and buy women, in fact, while men are attracted by youth and health and genetic fitness to women ("beauty"), women are chiefly attracted by wealth and power (in their numerous modes and variations) in men. Thus, at women are attracted not so much by male beauty as by the signs and symbols of status, achievement, and the power to offer security.

It may seem crude, even cruel, to reduce all the delightful phenomena of romantic love, sex, and marriage to these few hard, brutal facts—and indeed it would be ludicrous to assert that love consists of nothing but these biological complications—but it is nonetheless necessary if we wish to face the truth squarely.

And only if we face the truth as we are, somewhat, understood, and escape the mental role nature has assigned us, men and women both. Only by seeing and accepting the biological basis and limits of human life can we free ourselves from its animal bondage, cease struggling against it or denying it or lying to ourselves and to each other—and thus, on that account, perhaps begin to realize the potential of mind, personality, and spirit, and through sympathy, mutual aid, justice, creative work (the true forms of love), establish at last on earth a community and society where every man, every woman, will be free to fulfill the highest dreams of his long soul.

—Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Phenomenon of Being*

September 14, 1966

# How to Pick a Woman

BY EDWARD ABBEY

THAT WHICH MEN CALL BEAUTY IN WOMEN, which have them as its endless pursuit, read and helpless as any other animal, is not some thing abstract or idiosyncratic or in the eye of the beholder only, but rather her apparent readiness for reproduction—in a word, women's fertility. This quality, in operation, is equivalent to what we call "beauty" and generates the compulsive attraction to which all healthy men are susceptible.

What, then, does feminine beauty consist of?

(1) Youth between fifteen and thirty—ideal childbearing age—and more naturally found in conjunction with

(2) Good health, bright eyes, glossy hair, clear skin, sweet breath, full and normal bodily development, strength, agility, sexual appetite, good disposition, and attractive figure—meaning a normal and healthy body (femaler sex than not too fleshy), and

(3) Genetic fitness: a confluence of the above, usually implying strength and regular facial features (as least in the European mold), intelligence, good health, sharply (meaning healthy) limbs, absence of any physical or mental deformities.

Taken together, these three attributes make up the sexual

Edward Abbey once wrote that his books were generally greeted by the "doctrinaire buzzsaws of chickenhearted liberalism," although one assumes that Abbey was not necessarily complaining. That's because the former forest ranger, longtime environmental activist, and prolific author, who died in 1989, took an oratory delight in provoking howls of outrage from almost every quarter. And, indeed, he may once again with this daring entry written when Abbey was thirty-nine. It will appear in *The Confessions of a Barbarian*, *Papers from the Journals of Edward Abbey*, to be published this fall by Little, Brown.



# How to Drink Beer

BY WILLIAM VOLLMANN

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA (1993)

OUTSIDE THE HOTEL WINDOW an Indian girl was saying, "My me and a whole man and it's in the car. I'll get it, I promise. No, don't come with me, birds, you just stand there and wait. I'm going around the corner. I said you just stand there and wait!" Inside, an Indian girl—in Oshkosh, that one—showed herself down on the bed, giggling. She'd been hit by a car when she was drunk. When they took her to the hospital, she waited almost as long as the Indian girl outside the window and then she said to the doctor, "Excuse me?—What?" and

the doctor, "When are you gonna see me?—When I'm not busy, and the doctor shrilly, "You're not busy now, you're just joking! Your nose is a bunch of goddamned papers! she shrieked. What would you care if I'm not left?—You're right, you've got the doctor. I wouldn't care one bit—So she got up and hid behind a door and got drunk, permitting her leg to solve itself, which was why she'd staggered the damn blood to the hotel room so slowly, almost giving up, which was why she'd kept up the two nights of rape above the poolroom, squeezing the hand and it pressed as she did. Her face was yellow with pain, which was why she fell down on his bed while he looked at the door, and then she said, "Turn out the fucking lights."



As he nuzzled her, she grabbed him with a drunk arm that was all muscle and ground his mouth against her so that she could breathe into him her life of joy and love and had food, and she locked the crook of her elbow around his neck to pull him more irrevocably under her tongue while her other hand scratched one of his and put it on the crook of her arm. "Make love to me, she begged. Fuck me good. Just don't touch my leg."

He was here now, and she inhaled sharply so that her breasts became as the asymmetrical crescents of a bull's-eye horns, and then she said, I broke up with my boyfriend Cause he's jealous.

You lonely? he said.

Right now I'm having fun.

After that, she was moaning. Please make me come.

Three hours later, she sighed happily and said: You know what? I like your attitude. I like your goddamn attitude! I like the way you make love.

I like the way you make love, too, he said. Like you.

She kissed him. "If there was more guys like you, I'd stay in town. It's so fuckin' depressing on the reserve. I didn't even go to my sister's funeral. Everybody cries and stuff. I don't want the drink no more."

They lay there for a while. She was naked from the knees up, but she'd never taken off her blue jeans or shoes because of her leg. Her skin was not truly red except in her face and hands, where it'd been changed by the sunlight. The rest of her was a pale yellow color. She pulled his face down and kissed him.

I gotta go, she said.

How soon will you forget me?

I always remember everyone, she said.

Then she said: You want to come with me now? Cause you're with me.

As that he felt a sudden uprush and was ready to go anywhere with her, but then his caution became the wine, head, old yellow skin behind his face and his caution said: Where do you want to walk to?

To go to a bar.

He remembered how she'd been when he'd first picked her up: on the sidewalk, stumbling, stinking breathless, scarcely able to talk or listen, and for a moment he still wanted to go because if she drank with him, he wouldn't care that she didn't care, but then the thought of a began to make him too tired, and he said: How about if I buy you breakfast tomorrow and then we walk?

She said: Okay. I come tomorrow morning. I promise. I'll stand outside. I'll wait from 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. or 11 p.m. or 12 p.m.

You don't want to come up?

No.

Okay. I'll come back to you in 400.

She kissed him once more on the mouth, holding him so tight.

Then he unlocked the door.

How's your leg? he said.

Better, she said. Better from all the exercise.

And she smiled.

She kissed his face one more time. Then she stepped down the stairs.

AT 10 ON THE NEXT MORNING, she wasn't there, and at 11:00 she wasn't there. At 12:00 he had to go to the office. What does that say about her promise, and especially what does that say about the promise she made when she spread her legs without a ribbon, and I said: Do you have AIDS? and she shook her head very quickly without saying anything (he had his face mashed desperately against her neck) and I said: Do you promise? and she nodded?

He was looking for the key to the toilet down the hall when an Indian knocked on his door for rolling papers. The Indian said: What do you think of this drink?

Not much, he said.

Everybody wants a decent washroom, a kitchen—the Indian said. I guess I'm here to punish myself. See, I'm from Alberta. I moved here to be with my wife. She's the most beautiful lady I've ever known. A full-blood, you? And she loved me. Then she left me, moved back to the reserve.

I'm sorry to hear that, he replied. Somebody left me, too. Still she was coming back and she didn't. You got papers or not?

None.

Fuck it. Let's have a quick one downstairs.

I need to catch a train out of this town.

Fuck your train, the Indian said. There'll be another train tomorrow. Get a round with me, ya?

While Indian girls were playing pool downstairs, some well, some poorly, some completely drunk and, and the one he'd glimpsed like the whites of their eyes—(Fuck your train!) his companion kept muttering with a scornful smile. They drank together steadily. The companion's cheeks glowed red like madder copper. Slowly his lips began to slide and melt and dissolve into a mist—(Fuck my wife, he said happily. If you want, you can fuck my wife.)

That Indian kid, the color of old sand, came, converted him to the Indian gods sitting on a glass stool by a pillar on that dimly Sunday afternoon. A smiling Indian man with long braids approached the bar and someone said: Come, my friend, and led him out. Another Indian came in with his head lowered, and the security man with his shaggy, shoulder-length hair who paired with his hands clasped behind his back immediately went to him and said: This way. The Indian dropped his head red farther. Then he went out the way he had come.

His companion was drunk now. It surely wouldn't be long before the bartender or the security man got him. In Scotland, his companion said. Well, a while he got out. Manly in Ojibwa. There's a lot of an Ojibwa in Winnipeg. That's us, and I don't give a fuck about the others. These Cree. If they call me brother I'll drink their back if they're gay. I don't give a fuck about them. See that cock-sucker over there? He's Cree. He went after my wife once, so that's how he got that scar. See that cunt over there? That's his wife. I fucked her. She's Cree. She's just a slut.

Indian girls with enormous shoulders, a tiny body of cigarette in each enormous round face, large drinking beers, the greenish Indian flashing like jewels against their black-black brows. A fat woman was snoring in the corner like a guy lying under the snow, her head curled down on her back. The security man lifted her under the armpits

and dragged her slowly, determinedly, out into the rain.

The companion drank another beer and burped and laughed and said: My fifty-seven years old, so I couldn't my mother's age. I drink a twelve-pack a day, so if I make it past sixty I'll be a miracle, ya? Is what I want to say. I been in Winnipeg eleven years, and I've fucked every locker in this town. A little price policy, you know? The much love?

The beer was blondish brown, like the roots of a cross, whereas, fiery flames spilling down into the dirt deeper than a tall man's head, bitter sweetness burning down into his balls. His companion was hunching his shoulders now like a mule with his long rifle and his head-banded, riding close to his prey, aiming at a wide-eyed buffalo. He stood up, began to walk two women playing pool, and fell on his face. By the time he'd discovered how to plant his feet beneath him again, the bartender was beside him, pointing gently to the doorway. The man began to walk out. Suddenly he turned and spread his swollen, geyser cheeks like an Atlantic wallfish whose jaws sometimes open to show in front anticipatory chewing motions as sharp yellow teeth, and the man's gold-rimmed black people glared and bulged forward as he shouted: You gonna say "fuck my wife again"? That's my wife you fucked last night!

Then the man fell on his face.

Left that to himself, the job drank another beer. He saw a tiny woman with every parallel screw across her wrist (her face like one of those aquamarine bubble buttons with rounded corners for unwinking eyes), and he remembered how last night his companion's wife had said: Funny things happen in this town. Like my cousin Maime. She kept trying to kill herself. Gosh her sister so many times with a knife, try to jump off a bridge, all that stuff. Well, she wanted to commit suicide, but she didn't have to. She died in her sleep.

Did you love her very much?

Hard! I love her guts! she'd laughed.

Remember the bar, he went to the woman and said: What's your name?

Maime.

I thought you died in your sleep.

I did, she muttered. Then the security man came and pushed her out.

He was so drunk now, and he was alone. One rubbery girl went up for another beer, and he saw the bartender take her lovingly by the shoulders, kiss her neck, and begin to

push. He pushed her down the corridor then laid part the floor cloth on outside, and then he came back. The lovely man went on to see who had become of her. She was on the street, trying to hold a cab but flagging in indecision what she was about—(Everyone's handling me tonight, she wept. And now I can't get a cab. I need a fucking cab. Call me a fucking cab! I need to see I want you! Find my shoes for me, please.)

Her asymmetrical purple mouth imploded, slobbered, and knuckled him.

The late darkness of summer had begun to dim the hot gray light. On Main Street on a dusky Indian panhandle, and when he gave him change the pusher's hand stood at the corner sitting up on his palm without comprehending, and he walked past three Indian boys in baseball caps, staggering, and came to the old Indian hooker who had to hold on to a lamp-post to keep from falling down, her tongue the brown, black-banded, furry oval of a queen bee lobbing in the dust under the snow of men's mouths, and after her he kept pushing Indians leaning in front of her that served her downstairs, and a piece of translucent blew against his face from a vacuum he felt of padding from one cracked wheel to her border and plastic and dandelions and chamomile and honeysuckle, and it began to rain again. The vacant lot was a sheet of mud, and mud was an Ojibwa word. Across the street, an Indian in a blue cap walked head down, looking something, and then he turned and looked it back the way he had come. An Indian in a fringed leather jacket stood carelessly, swinging his arms. Three Indian boys came. One said: Why you fellow fuckin' when? It's time for another fuckin' round, so let's fuckin' go.

He remembered how his companion's wife (who was on probation for assault) had said to him: We have our traditions. We have our power. Look, suppose it's stormy outside in the morning and we want it to be calm weather. All we got to do is say: I want it to be a nice day, and then smoke a pipe, and pretty quick a calm down.

He saw the woman who had died in her sleep and said to her: Can you stop the rain?

Sure, she said. Anytime. As long as it's not raining beer. A Maime came to shove her along and she said: Did you never hear a real stripe on your leg?

Oh, fuck off the Maime said.

Did you notice that you're wearing a bulletproof vest?

Yeah, I noticed that all right, Maime.

Are you wearing bulletproof underwear, too? Ah, huh, huh, huh!

William Vollmann recently returned from Bosnia, where, on assignment for *Spill*, he survived an attack by Muslim forces who probably mistook him for a Croatian fighter as he traveled by Jeep between Mostar and Sarajevo. In fact, he was apparently rescued by the very soldiers who killed the two journalists riding in the front seat. Vollmann's next trip will take him into the potentially safer waters of the American Southwest (although he will be visiting Miami) in search of penitents of roadside "How to Drink Beer" eventually be included in a collection called *The Affix*.



Tommy Hilfiger goes tailored; fall styles on the cast of *Models Inc.*

On Fashion: Woody Hochswender

# Knit Wit

**N**OT SINCE THE 1950s, when Perry Como's fuzzy shape warmed America's living rooms and Andy Williams repopularized the cardigan, has knitwear been so much in the forefront of men's fashion. For fall, Calvin Klein showed many of his suits with V-neck sweaters instead of shirts and ties. Giorgio Armani had three-piece suits that were made of knit fabric, and his

woven garments were so softly tailored that they seemed like women's. And everywhere there were the bulky, oversize sweaters that have become a fixture among a new generation of men. The sweater, in fact, is now very much a "fashion" item, which is to say, something designers focus on to express their creativity.

The origins of the garment are not quite so clear. The sweater was originally designed to make the wearer sweat, hence the name. According to one theory, it was introduced in the mid-nineteenth century as a jersey worn by sportsmen. (Early sweaters were referred to as jerseys, after males from the Isle of Jersey, who wore a heavy knitted type.) An alternative version holds that the concept derives from horse

trainers who used heavy blankets, called sweaters, to keep their lathered horses warm after a run.

In any event, the principles of knitting date to prehistoric times (fossils being a basic form used by almost all primitive peoples), and knit garments have been used throughout history. By the eighteenth century, sweaters were already being made in the form of cardigans, and by the 1920s, sweater styles were widely adopted by college students and for sports like golf and tennis. But traditionally, sweaters were most associated with the workmen, who opted for warmth and utility, and this is the style that influences today's designers.



**Well-knit man:** Cardigan-style coat by Gianni Karne, above, Armani's sweater shirt, left.

The designer sweaters that are sweeping the men's-wear market have many proletarian touches. V-necks that are rough and unbuttoned, open cuffs that hang over the wrist, and the absence of a waistband. A new



**Tailored knitwear:** Calvin Klein features V-necks under suits, left, or extra bulky sweaters, below. Armani features knit and trousers, below.

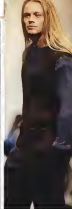


style of men's-wear collections is the oversize sweater, often in tartan or plaid, made extra long so that it extends below the hips. Similar sweaters are also shown with roll or crew necks and bulky fabrics, reminiscent of both the thick

poor-boy sweaters (worn by 1920s newsboys) and the fishermen's sweaters, with its cable knitting.

"The fit of knitwear is really different now," says Joseph Abboud, who features interesting knits in his fall collection, especially in his lower-priced line, J.O.E., which has a kind of workman's spirit. "It's a whole different mind set. When I was growing up, a sweater had a good waistband, a traditional fit. If it was stretched out, we'd say it was lousy. Today, it can be kind of like a potato sack. There's no question, that kind of sweater is very comfortable."

In their runway shows, Abboud and other designers also pair two sweaters in the same outfit, for a male version of the twinner. But the look is far from the cabaret-and-pearls-Shane Ringer style. It's much more rugged. The second sweater functions




**Sweater notes:** Knits are so important in men's wear that designers show trousers—but with a masculine attitude. Above, sweaters by Karne, right, show and below, J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud.

more like a jacket than a stretched piece.

Armani, whose roots in tailoring tend to influence the casual men's-wear field, has been experimenting with sweater suits—those piece ensembles with the appearance of traditional, woven suits but made of a soft knit fabric. These clothes are a far cry from the double-breasted suits of the 1920s. They are almost impossible to distinguish from Armani's regular suits. Indeed, Armani seems to be tailoring his knits and customizing his tailored wear. And this is a trend seen throughout the industry.

Designers attribute the new emphasis on knitwear both to advances in the manufacturing of yarns and to the overall trend toward homegrown, organic-looking clothing. "Knits are being made not only in more interesting, muted colors but also in lighter weight—wools mixed with viscose and rayon—that, paradoxically, have a "lazier" look. These knits seem heavy but are actually light and comfortable. And comfort has always been a big part of the game in men's wear."

"It's an alternative way to dress for men," says Gianni Karne, who has long sweated jackets in his fall men's line. "It's relaxed, unconstructed. A lot of men don't realize that there is sweater dressing. It's about comfort and ease."



## Tommy Hilfiger's Great Leap

THE DESIGNER KNOWN FOR his all-American sportswear debuts his first tailored clothing collection, featured here on actor Chris O'Donnell

Photographs by Troy Ward

PRODUCED BY JOHN MAYER



Tommy Hilfiger, who has spent the last decade building a thriving sportswear business, introduces his first complete line of tailored clothing this fall—classically inspired suits, sport jackets, and coats. And while he naturally hopes to bring in new customers, Hilfiger also acknowledges that “this collection is for guys who grew up in my clothes.” Like his sportswear, Hilfiger’s tailored looks straddle what he calls the “hip world and the traditional.” Whatever you call it, the new collection, manufactured by Hartmann, is an important entry in the men’s-wear market. And tailored wear is by no means the limit for the designer, who’s launching a men’s fragrance, by Estée Lauder, later this year.

The English country-style classic double-breasted sportswear is Hilfiger's double-breasted collection and classic field suit and coat (left). Opposite: Hilfiger's double-breasted suit with reversible coat, collar and tie (left). (Lauder Photo by William S. Davis)

Diaper's done. Start... for his  
quintessential, not-quite-really-  
adult-but-not-a-child Diaper...  
for his... and...  
of the...  
Buddie...  
...  
...



The...  
...  
...  
...  
...  
...  
...

Whether it's as the doomed Buddy in  
*Primal Grins Tomatoes*, Al Pacino's  
husband in *Scent of a Woman*, or that  
would-be swordsman D'Artagnan in *The  
Three Musketeers*, Chris O'Donnell has  
made his brief but impressive career  
portraying nice young men. Up next for  
O'Donnell is *Circle of Friends*, which he  
recently finished filming in Ireland. Then  
he's set to star in *Mad Love* with Drew  
Barrymore, who has been known to bring  
out the bad boy in a fellow or two.



Kilmer's clothing calls for praise, not review. In this case, a Shiffrer double-breasted wool-suit-wool-trunk-pant and towel set; wool-and-cashmere shirt and polo sweater by Guccio Pirellino; suede lace-up shoes by J. M. Weston; gloves by Loro.



Copyright © 2004 John Wiley & Sons, Inc.  
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning, or otherwise, without prior written permission from John Wiley & Sons, Inc.





#### Soft Knits

Sweater dressing always works, but it's especially so with this fall's fluid shapes and textures. Here, the men *Models Inc.*'s Cameron Doble (far left) is a modern slouchy by Billy Summers; David Drobny (second from left) is a thick-knit wool pullover by Comme des Garçons; Justin (left) and Kevin (right) are in slouchy sweaters by Robert/Cole. And Kevin (far right) is in a slouchy V-neck sweater by Calvin Klein and a slouchy sweater by Double E. By Robert Levine. The shoes are—left to right: Calvin Klein, Steve Madden, Gucci, and Nike. Tops—all wear Versace. Models are: Cameron Doble, David Drobny, Justin, Kevin, and Kevin. Photos by Davis Factor

# Trends Inc.

THE CAST MEMBERS of the sizzling new series *Models Inc.* take a break from TV acting to live up to their show's title—by modeling the season's top looks

Photographs by Davis Factor

IT'S TOO BAD that *Tem* (Stephanie Hanks) got buried off a balcony to her death in the first episode of *Models Inc.* She was the only real working model in the cast. But Aaron Spelling wasn't taking any chances with his current foray into the cut-throat world of modeling. In perhaps his most gloriously risk-averse coup to date, the king of noncomplex TV may have come up with his most successful formula—a spin-off of *Melrose Place* with even better-looking protagonists. Richier, too, although Spelling's two hyperactive writers, Chuck Pratt Jr. and Frank Soria, bristle at the idea of their chief Little Miss Evil being labeled so simply. "Julie doesn't see herself as amoral; she sees herself as misunderstood," they insist. In fact, murder is mild compared with the "roller-coaster ride" the prolific duo have in store for their beautiful septet. *Areenna* and *Ishamian*, for example, are subjects more than likely to be snuffed—in digested form—into the story line. As for the inevitable follow-up to *Models Inc.*: "Oh, *Hookers Inc.*, I think," says Pratt. "I understand PBS is already very interested."

—CARLSTA D'SOUZA

### Mix and Match

One of the strongest new trends in mismatched separates. Not every couple wants to look like "milk" separates, and although jeans have responded by breaking up their head-to-toe sameness. Left to right: Wavecrest wool-muslin and-cotton short by Teri of Samsara; Wolf Island jacket and pump-and-cotton short by CK Calvin Klein; Three-belted wool-tweed jacket, corduroy trousers, and silk tie by Samsara; Cady's vintage sweater vest by E. Ely; midsize short by Rose Quil-Waters; Red/Green and cotton short by Gildan; Renshaw London; army jacket by Teri of Samsara; Red-brown and green jacket by Double M; Kelly-Ruby-Lavender; wool trousers by Jany; Three-belted striped wool-tweed jacket, glass and steel vest, striped-cotton short, and silk tie by Samsara; Cady's midsize pants by U.S. Polo; Stride jacket by Kallisto; Hainsworth-London; dress vest by Kallisto; Renshaw; Drenco; midsize short and wool sweater by Teri of Samsara; Shilo; Wild-Tacumot; dress boots; Charlie; knee-high boots; Calvin Klein.







**M**Y DAUGHTER Tori taught me so much for *Beverly Hills and Melrose Place*. For Models Inc., her advice has been invaluable. As a matter of fact, it has been proved in a survey that women emulate Tori much more than Kate Moss or any of those other supermodels."

—AARON SPELLING  
Creator of Models Inc.

### Carduroy Comeback

Styged, textured, or knitted in velvet, that stodgy old stretchy carduroy has never looked so cool. Left to right: Sergio Aronson's flared-bustle cat-carduroy suit by Giorgio Armani; cashmere carduroy by John Lobb for Bernini; Corduroy jacket and velvet miniskirt by Rickson on Sherrill House; Corduroy jacket by Paul Smith-Jean; wool-and-cashmere wrap miniskirt by CK; Calvin Klein's "Single-breasted, flared-bustle" miniskirt suit by Sergio Aronson; cashmere-carduroy by John Lobb for Bernini; Corduroy wrap bust miniskirt by CK; Calvin Klein's "Single-breasted, flared-bustle" miniskirt suit and miniskirt by John Lobb for Bernini; velvet miniskirt, John Lobb for Bernini; suede knee-high boots, Calvin Klein.

Hair by Eric Wills and Sharon Gault, both for Creative Consulting by L'Oréal. Makeup and grooming by Sharon Gault for Creative and by Tony-Jones. For more information see page 124.





## MUSIC

Mark Jacobson

# New Adventures of the Man in Black

**H**E WASN'T WEARING BLACK, HE WAS WEARING *redness*. When he took the route and began to pump gas into his big country bus, he sighed as if that were what he did all day, scripping for a dollar in that Indiana truck stop. But when he saw us staring at him, he stepped up, way bigger than you'd figure and about as friendly.

"Hello, I'm Johnny Cash," he said in that raspy, gravel-voiced, booming-but-as-gentle-horn.

"Of course you are," my friend replied. "Who else could he be?"

More than twenty years later, the memory still thrills, because Johnny Cash has always been a hero. He taught me things. When I was in college, a neo-noised Berkeley individual, Cash taught me that not everyone born in place like Kingsland, Arkansas, where people work with their hands and talk like LBJ, was a heady-eyed racist standing behind a lunchcounter counter with an ax handle. No hippie, Cash was a whole new kind of South, he had Dylan on his TV show and sang songs like "Stanger in Vietnam" (talker blues) and "What a Wonderful World" which struck exactly the right popular pop-intellectual note: like beyond that Cash taught me it was possible for a white man inflected with the Negro soul spirit—more damn Jesus shout—no to be not only aware that a woman like me had color, too.

Now it was he pointed out that in a nation of heaven and hell, the Man in Black, while a gifted chronicler, is not absolutely possessed like Hank Williams. For this season, I'll always be a second-kind country deity. But this does little to detract from his perfect embodiment of Dylan's notion that "to live inside the law you must be honest." Walking taller than John Wayne in cleaver boots, Cash remains the most exemplar of the mythological American Man. (He's the progenitor of the sublime Roseanne, and if that ain't a man, tell me what is.) A lot of pop stars sell millions of records by dragging themselves in the grime of the outlaw, but as one ever (heavily) combined the messages of piety and violence as Cash has for the past forty years (as admirably documented in Colombia's recent three-disc compilation). If some gangster rapper went into prison and sang about how he "shot a man in Reno/just to watch her die" (whipping the jailbirds into a frenzy), Bush Langbaum would be in his face as a New Black musician. The body count in Cash's work may not rival El Cid's, but like the song says, it's five feet high and rising. Does Cash get away with it because the song's about Jesus or a boy named

Sat? Or is it that his story almost antithetical, inseparable music but first name inside Sam Phillips's Sun studio, is so fixed as a word to denote that it appears to emanate from Mahesh himself, noted dispenser of piety and violence?

None of this bristling/hipster quality has been lost to Rick Rubin, the producer of Cash's latest, *American Road* (American). On the surface, the Cash-Rubin alliance seems odd: one, but these strange women run deep. Rubin, a Queens, New York, boy, learned his far share about musical short-cut spectacles as the founder of the celebrated Def Jam label, but which he produced LL Cool J and helped recruit the former Boyz n the Bunch players this already opens of singers in the spirit of circumstances: just the Man in Black and his guitar. And if this makeshift notion was calculated to open a space capable of accommodating Cash's ample Corrie McCarthy-esque anecdotal dressage, well, maybe Rubin should be producer of the year.

There's a starkly austere, if vaguely hairy, cut to *American Road*. One thing about Johnny Cash. He has not mellowed with age. If anything, he grows less sentimental by the day. Fiered for his transgressive, Cash is nonetheless drawn to darkness like an anti-moth. Telling the over-the-top, boundless of psychopaths, Cash says (with more self-conscious masculinity than that of Dylan), "when our depressive gently describes going to a chair in the peler and shooting in the side." "The blood in me," he sings, "is caged by fear and fragile boundaries by dyed by night men and eyes at the star." The protagonist of "Thirteen" (the number tattooed on his neck) knows the fear so well: "I pray you don't look at me, I pray I don't look back." Out of the eternal struggle in the millions of kind of barely sane morality only one winner can emerge. "From the hands a came down from the side it came down from the first it came down down to the ground." In the deep crimson Jew the Tree of Life grew. "Cash sings in "Bad Religion." "Belief is an walk in the park in this particular universe, but it is possible."

Heavy side, that Johnny Cash. In "Man in Black" (1994), he explains why his appearance has a "soulful" use and why they'll "never see bright colors on my back." It's a witness for piety, "middle class whose bad trips left them cold," for those who haven't heard "the words that Jesus said," for the "thousands who have died knowing that the Lord was on our side." "Well," Cash concludes, "we're doing mighty fine. I do suppose our streaker/lightening cars and fancy clothes but just as we're reminded of the ones who are held back... I'm the Man in Black." Personally, I'll look both ways first and then pray to God he's still there. ■



## BOOKS

Will Blythe

# White Boys Can Fly

**I**F THERE'S ANYTHING more intensely tedious than making a detective novel? Maybe watching paint dry. Or observing the New York Knicks on offense. (Wrong.) The point is, we know in advance the fundamental design of the detective story: that we will be presented with a discernible mystery that may or may not be solved by now's end. In a sense, the detective novel is the most purely literary of genres in that it is the most godlike, the most self-contained. Even the postmodern whodunit, of which there are many, makes obvious use of mystery as the story's animating force—Peter Hardie's wonderful novel *The Gentle's Anxiety* in the freshly Black (wonderful because of its perceptions), for example, or American's film *Blue City*. Of course, the audience for works like these is meant to experience a little little tension because the mystery they unravel is with us all. Detective novel or porno detection novel—I say it all myself and I say to hell with it.

All this disquisition is by way of sidetracking right off the coasted but that I am consistently incapable of appreciating mystery stories that announce themselves as such, which may explain why I have always had a massive blind spot when it comes to appreciating the much-sensitized-in-France metaphysical detective novels of Paul Aster. (His detective reputation isn't half bad either, furnished by leaden reviews in such serious-film-criticism organs as *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, which has labeled him as "a compelling American novel.") The Major Louis for Aster's camp is his former New York brags. Having read it, I remain puzzled. Aster tops with the mystery genre, making a rather academic survey of the discomfort that arises when you realize the discrepancy between your life and the narrative that arises from within and without to give it meaning. But in this realization, for most of us, it's a realization, my longer novel. There's simply something too considered, too prime and tidy about these genre overblows. Too many puns, too many inside jokes, not enough gas.

Now the newest Aster novel has arrived, the lightest-hearted Mr. Blythe (yikes), in which the author does to the American tale what something similar to what he has already done to the detective novel, turning it into at best an all-American parable of an making reminiscent of Kafka's "A Hunger Artist," and at worst one—well, an American tale tale chopped off at the knees by the too hardy of postmodernism. It takes the least rise and fall of Will the Wonder Boy, at Willard Claiborne Rowley, a B. Louis scamp who in 1947 is rescued from the arena by the mysterious Master Ichabod, who promises Will that by the boy's thirteenth birth-

day he will have taught him to fly. Ichabod spends young Will to a Kansas pig farm where he is taken in by a surrogate family that might as well be a 1940s chapter of the Bantam Clubhouse. There is Ichabod, a Jew, Master Sauer, an Indian, and Aster, a Negro. They train the young, white (and naturally racist) regardless not only to levitate but—and this actually seems easier than flying—how to love people of all races and creeds. "I distinctly felt Master Sauer's lips brush against my cheek," Walter confesses after a few months of reeducation in Kansas. "It brought such a warm and welcoming glow, I realized I didn't care where it had come from. If that chubby Indian young woman to (smile with me like that, then by God in her...)" Ah, shut up and fly, white boy!

I know Mr. Blythe is something of a fairy tale, and I acknowledge that I may have lived in New York too long, but do you really have to be an out and out cynic to bridle against the studiously arranged sweetness, the naive piety of this family? Indeed, if this isn't a book about American life, it is yet another story about everything. A recent issue's "non-fiction" version of Allen Barber's letter's naive view in which narrative has detached itself from life (by me) is judging Mr. Blythe unfairly against the expectations set up by Aster's earlier work.

It's hardly surprising, though, when the Mr. Klaus Klaus comes one night to shatter forever Will's undisturbed sleep. The scene is not to make a history of historical accuracy (the Klaus was actually alive in Kansas in the 1940s) or as it is about of historical consequence. This is "pop" history with Aster using the Klaus the same way Spielberg uses Nazis in an Indiana Jones movie. Again, if Mr. Blythe is supposed to function as a sort of poppy European, then such quibbles may be moot. But here, Aster's character, genre-tending is more a source of frustration than enlightenment.

Will does eventually learn to levitate, and rather well at that, and, with Ichabod as his manager, he makes a series of increasingly triumphant appearances throughout the Midwest and the South. But then come a series of disasters that send this novel tumbling in an entirely different direction. It finishes, in Aster's novel often do, with a writer scribbling away at the story as a word. No American author seems more in love with the act of writing, the scratch of pen on paper, the cooing of black pages in a new notebook. Aster celebrates the self-making capacities of writing, but this novel seems strangely devoid of it, in fact, it's just plot. Mr. Blythe seems to have, between, between all his now mentioned considerations over American history, What the novel finally looks, not surprisingly for a book about levitation, is gravity. ■







Julie Baumgold

## Hammering Down Clark Gable

**A** COLLECTION OF BOOKS. This is the first item in the Clark Gable issue," said the woman in the peach suit at Christie's East. What would you know about this man, Gable, dead and on the block? That he liked monograms and brown leather. That he was a sportsman and a man who awarded a lot. That he used his things hard and he lived with a certain strength. That he was fond of his past even if his son was not. He had good taste, he liked simple things, except for the fur golf club covers probably given to him by some woman. He hunted and fished and played golf, and he liked cars to hold his equipment. You can almost smell the cigar smoke hanging. If he had a private toilet, he did not like it or bother with it.

There were his personal checks. Big, deep yellow, manly checks, typed out. I think I remember reading once that he was a bit tight with his money. There's no tie to the Beverly Hills Club, at 36 to K. C. Moore, to go to Tripp Road, Florida, to a Mr. Oak Manning, to 31 to Frederick Bookshop, to the Automobile Club of Southern California, all rocking into posterity instead of the trash. He paid Ernest Dink say for who knows what. He belonged to the Book of the Month Club and paid it in. He owned Men and Women by George Bernard Shaw, and It Can Happen Here, by Sinclair Lewis. He had books by Somerset Maugham, Joseph Conrad, Elizabeth Bowen, as well as Cheever and Ed Sullivan. These books had the bookplate KATHLEEN AND CLARK GABLE with a date. There was another card on the books played for just plain CLARK GABLE—a stick with a bear's head atop a knight's helmet. And all this takes on another dimension because it says Clark Gable was here, Gable also with me, Gable cooked on me, Gable prepped with me and sat around his waist and, more to the point, married me.

In a glass case with the books were his tape player and record-player case, which had spent war on the bottom at some point in its history, a small paint statue and a planter in the shape of a rhinoceros. The case from *The Mole* had signed a photograph "Honolulu from a Friend, Mervyn."

signed Montgomery Clift. "From One Method Actor to Another," wrote Tim Wallace. I think it was Monroe who signed to Gable "with so much adoration." There were brown leather-bound scripts for *Lone Star*, *Admirable, Crip to the City*, *Any Number Can Play*, and a photograph of Gable looking north and wind-ruffled with John Barryman at target practice in the Hollywood Hills.

Up on a carpeted platform were all his camping things—four hurricane lamps, his first-aid kit, pots and pans and spoons. Off to the side was a quilted olive drabish dish that says Big Hollywood Party—labeled in the room, then women in swim dresses sat on the bus, dozing past the pool, trying not to stare at themselves and the lefty tough moguls. Parties with Lorena, Ava, Rita, Claudette, Kate. But for now, it's camping out. Peric hamper, Carole Lombard as a blonkie when they smooch off together. A metal-hand cooler. He liked to drink. Moss like, soda and milk. Lots of punch aunts, and Gable crashed to fight his camping stove. No children at night, for he was childless and after his death (though now it is being said that a baby girl Lorena Young adopted) was his love child, as it was called then.

I haven't even come to the sports equipment, the leachy luggage. No more trips. The fishing basket with that wear strap when the pole was inserted like a flag in a parade.

He was a gentleman. I would bet this was not his best gaming case, for the leather is cheap, stamped to look like alligator, as though it were from early on in his career. It has a miniature roulette wheel and dice and chess pieces and dominoes and poker chips. Here is Gable, the famous crinkly-eyed guy in the poker table, his face wrapped around a comblike fall of dark liquor, holding his cards close, entertaining his buddies and never, never cheating.

He is loading a horse or an old wooden station wagon. In a trench coat, he is hoisting the luggage from the trunk on to a platform, into the back of a car. He is sleeping with Claudette Colbert in a haystack. His hat is crooked on his head, his smile is crooked. He has grown into his cars.

The smile on Vincent Loyola face the next morning—that's what they are selling at Christie's [continuation page 117]



How much for the blue jeans? The Gable estate is now gone with the wind.

# SIMPLY



no doubt about it.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Kings 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1994 B&W T Co.

# JUST ADD **BACARDI**



TASTE THE FEELING.

Bacardi® rum. Made in Puerto Rico. BACARDE, THE BRY DEVICE, AND THE NAIR DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. © 2004 BACARDI IMPORTER, INC. MIAMI, FL. 40% ALC. BY VOL.

